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TRAVELS

IN

THE UNITED STATES,

ETC.

DURING 1849 AND 1850.

BY THE

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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NARRATIVE

OF

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES,

&c.

IN 1849–50.

CHAPTER I.

MONARCHY AND DEMOCRACY—ENGLAND'S TREATMENT OF HER COLONIES—THE GREATNESS OF AMERICA—HER TENDENCY TO PROPAGANDISM—ANECDOTE OF A PAROQUET—THE PEARL-FISHERY AT PANAMA—THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW—GENERAL ROSAS—BEAUTIFULLY SCENTED WOODS IN PANAMA—THE ROSE FEVER—THEATRICALS IN PANAMA—HOSTILITY BETWEEN AMERICANS AND THE NATIVES OF PANAMA—FAIR CHILDREN IN PANAMA—THE WOULD-BE ENGLISHWOMAN.

NEW GRANADA, from accounts I have heard, would not object much to giving up the Isthmus to the United States, but France and England, from various reasons, no doubt would! Education, and many other advantages, doubtless,

would accrue to the people under the enlightened rule of the Americans; but, after all, it seems a republican government is not suited to these South American nations: it becomes a tyranny or a nullity with them. The genius, character, and habits of the people tend towards monarchical institutions in general. Old Spain has left her mark upon them; she trained all her colonies in her own spirit; she deeply imbued them with her own principles: this has grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; and though, when they threw off her yoke, and asserted their national independence, the example of the most flourishing and powerful nation in this hemisphere was, as it were, instinctively followed (as if the mere resemblance in the form of government, without any similarity in character, traditions, or habits of thought, could effect equal results), yet the people, it would appear, have generally retained the impressions that the mother country sought always consistently to give them.

In vain the letter is altered; the spirit is still there. A monarchy herself, she educated and trained her colonies in monarchical prin-

ciples, as did Portugal also ; and the consequence is, that though by the overwhelming influence of the example of the mightiest people of the New World they mostly are republics in name, it is in name only. Look at Mexico ; look at her eminently aristocratical church and army ; see how in society counts and marquises retain their titles to this very day, and how in a thousand other things the real tendencies of the people break forth. How differently does England treat her colonies—with what care apparently does she lead them, and teach them, and tutor them to be republics in time. Monarchy is a sort of distant vision—a myth to them : they are seldom reminded of it ; it is a shadow and a name, and democracy seems the substance. Monarchy is a rare and holiday visitor ; democracy is their every-day comrade and friend : it comes home to every man's bosom and business there ; it is with him in the market-place, with him in the street, it is part of his every-day life, it is with him in all his social intercourse ; and if in the settlers from the old country, habits previously acquired and sentiments originally instilled into them should retain *some* dominion

over them, fainter and fainter indeed, but still not wholly eradicated,—in the next generation, when no such antecedents have left a shadow behind, it is entirely annihilated.

It may be objected that, notwithstanding Spain through all her widely-extended colonies consistently and perseveringly carried out the fundamental principles of her laws, and unvaryingly caused them to participate freely and fully in all the spirit and forms of her own institutions, yet these colonies were not deterred from separating themselves from the mother-country. That they did so—true; but the circumstances under which they asserted and won their independence had nothing to do with their being monarchical, or democratical in their internal policy. Other and more cogent reasons determined them on their course; and although the metropolitan country acted wisely with regard to her dependencies in particular instances, in a number of important matters she committed the most flagrant errors. Heaven knows we manage our colonies ill enough in most matters, and we have ingeniously superadded to our shortcomings and weaknesses the

great fault of doing all in our power to make them not only quite indifferent *to* us now, but utterly different *from* ourselves in government and political organization, whenever in the fulness of time (and that time is probably not far distant, and will, we must undoubtedly feel, assuredly come) they sever themselves from us, as the dependencies of Spain did from her, and establish themselves as independent nations, for it will be doubtless as—republics.

Then, instead of having the great tie of a close resemblance in all political institutions, and that wide sympathy which must spring from an identity of all the forms of constitutional administration and of organization, we must take leave of them, and lose them indeed! for they will naturally and spontaneously cling to those governments which have the greatest similarity to their own, and feel that the same act which has disjoined them from a state of government so little analogous to their own selected one, has, as it were, connected them with those that are formed on the same model and established on the same foundations.

It is a great compliment to our mighty transatlantic brethren, without doubt, that we should

be moulding and forming all our colonies to tread in their footsteps and follow their example; but it is a very bad compliment to our own institutions; and in the course of time will tend, if persevered in, I am persuaded, very greatly to endanger them. Two great principles will divide the world one day or the other: democracy and monarchy, and one or the other will ultimately have the ascendancy; and as we should not think it wise or prudent of our republican brethren to sow everywhere, from the largest to the smallest of their states perhaps, the seeds of absolutism, or of sovereignty, so neither can it be discreet in us to sow broadcast over our own vast transmarine territorial possessions, the seeds of republicanism and democracy. "Qui se ressemble s'assemble;" and we are actually training and disciplining troops for the future Political Warfare of the world, that must and will necessarily range themselves in hostility against our professed and declared principles and sentiments.

It may be that our statesmen care not for the future—*après moi le déluge:* it may be that they have a secret leaning towards the wholly popular forms of government themselves; but

on this I have nothing to say, neither am I arguing in the least as to the relative perfections of this or that form of government. I only say, *if* we think our own constitution and institutions are good—are the best (and *if* we do not think so, certainly no time ought to be lost in changing them, as far as reason and prudence will permit), then we ought to do our duty, and consistently act, so as to extend this system, and these advantages, to those over whom we have so much influence for evil or for good.

Surely no one can doubt for a moment what Australia would become, if she established her independence now; and every year that passes over our heads adds more to the strength and vigour of her popular principles. As year after year sees the older settlers more alienated, by the state of things around them, from the once-venerated traditions of their fathers and the character of their ancient relations, associations, and prepossessions; and as the accumulation of democratic elements naturally and necessarily (without any antagonizing, or at least counteracting influences) continues to increase, as hosts of humble emigrants, and few but humble emi-

grants, pour down upon the shores of that grand and promising colony—how can it be otherwise? Representatives of *all* our different classes and orders should be encouraged to go there by all legitimate means; another spirit would be quickly interfused; and instead of a gradual, but certain alienation from the forms, character and tone of our institutions, the reverse would be the case, and the manners and all the usages of the society of the older world would be insensibly introduced, adopted and preferred; and if we aided the development of those inclinations by a strict adaptation to the colony of all the various agencies and accompaniments of a form of government like ours—those co-operating circumstances that have proved so instrumental in our own country in the establishment of a monarchy, and in securing that monarchy's permanency and consolidation—there is no more reason that, in the event of Australia becoming independent of England, she should frame a republican constitution, than that Belgium should have done when separated from Holland.

We should have a peerage in all our colonies, whose honours should be distributed with perfect impartiality and justice—orders of knight-

hood, rewards, distinctions, and everything else that the mother country herself has; and it would soon be found not only that the aristocratic element would be largely infused into the plebeian, but also that a spirit beyond that of mere money-making would be more generally and more preponderatingly introduced.

It may be said, and very truly, that the people of the United States are as enlightened, chivalrous, and noble a people as can exist, notwithstanding that the love of money-making certainly largely enters into their composition. Granted, and more than granted; for I have a most sincere admiration for the true nobility of nature of the Americans in general; but their past position was widely different from that of our colonists at present. The history and cherished traditions of their race, the examples of all the mighty countries of the world, *at that time*, tended to inspire them with a deep respect for monarchical constitutions, and the time-honoured customs and ordinations belonging thereto; and though their own form of government, chiefly through the decision and habits of thought of some of their principal

men, and the local tendency to republicanism, that we had encouraged and established amongst them, became after the separation a commonwealth; yet they instinctively turned for models of greatness and perfection, glory and grandeur, and success to the Old World absolutisms, or constitutional sovereignties, and thus combined much chivalrous sentiment and hero-magnanimity with other tendencies and characteristics.

But it is a far other case with the inhabitants of our present important and noble dependencies; they have shining chiefly before their eyes the material prosperity, and fast increasing power, and stupendous greatness of their elder, but liberated brother. All that can attract, dazzle, fascinate, and inspire with the deepest admiration, is to be found in that magnificent and giant nation; and to follow in their footsteps well may be the ambition of every young and independent state. But still Mammon there *is* too much worshipped, and in *that* will their example probably be most faithfully followed.

Do we, or do we not, wish to counteract the democratic tendencies of our colonies? If we

do, no further time is to be wasted; and if we do not, we are certainly doing all we by possibility can, short of giving those colonies the *name* as well as the nature of republics, to promote the rapid establishment of such a system of government in all of them. Surely according to the basis of our own constitution—so should the superstructure be *throughout*.

Forgive, reader, this digression. Many things I hear, many circumstances that have transpired under my own eyes, have led me to think much on these subjects; subjects that may seem of little consequence in the present moment, but that will prove of such enormous importance in the future. The Americans are the greatest political propagandists imaginable, and believing their own singularly successful and admirably administered form of government to be the most perfect in the world, who can censure them for being so? They are too clear-sighted, and too desirous that their own democracy should ultimately overshadow and control all the nations of the earth, not to rejoice at the way in which we are playing into their hands.

* * * * *

But let me now tell, by way of a little variety,

a curious circumstance relating to natural history that has lately occurred. I think I have mentioned a little cross-grained paroquet that V—— took under her especial protection soon after we arrived here. Not being fascinated by its manners, and having an objection to being sharply bitten whenever I approached too near the little wretch, I declined as far as possible the honour of his acquaintance, and never took the slightest notice of him, nor he of me, for he found I would not submit to his biting attacks generally, and therefore he turned his attention to others, who were either more afraid of him, or who by such devotion as V——'s won him over by constantly offering him "dulces" and fruit.

One afternoon I was very busily employed in writing or reading, and it happened I was quite absorbed and wrapped up in my occupation, and hardly knew that my little cross-patch of a paroquet had been left to amuse himself on the balcony, as was sometimes the case. Presently he began making a tremendous and piercing noise, screaming far louder than I had ever heard him do. I took no notice at first, but the sound increased, and I thought was pertina-

ciously addressed to me—I cannot describe what a deafening din the little animal contrived to make, evidently to attract my attention. At last I looked up, and beheld it to my surprise posting directly towards me, as fast as it could waddle, for its gait was something like that of the Turkish or Tunis women, in their tumble-off slippers. It had to cross a great part of the immense drawing-room to get to me; but with its eyes fixed on me in the most supplicating manner, and almost starting out of its little poked-forward head, it hurried on, making right for the place where I was sitting. Surprised at its unusual conduct, and compassionating the poor little creature's evident perturbation and uneasiness—though in what originating I knew not—I put down my hand for the bird to mount on the finger, as it commonly did; it lost not a quarter of a second in so doing, fluttering with anxiety, and half dead with terror. The moment I took it up, it hid itself, as well as it could, in the folds of a shawl, I had on.

I felt there must be some enemy at hand, but what, and where? I glanced round the room. In a corner near the balcony, which was

comparatively dark, I perceived a cat, who was all ready for the fatal spring, but had possibly been arrested by the same instinct that had taught the sensible little bird to hurry and clamour so loudly to me for protection. Puss was so grievously disappointed at the loss of her anticipated repast, that she actually seemed almost inclined to dispute with me the poor little trembling paroquet, who was, as nearly as a bird could be, in hysterics of fear. He shook with terror, and seemed as if he would fall into a fit.

I drove the cat away; and after a great deal of soothing and encouraging, the poor little paroquet was restored to composure, and after a long time, showed his convalescence and his gratitude by hints that he began to feel himself in biting trim again. However, I think since this affair he has not bit me, when I have ventured to approach, quite so savagely or so often as before.

To turn from this little ex-demon, to a totally different subject. I was reading in my room the other day, when I was called to see a pretty sight. On hurrying out of our suite of rooms, what should I see but a little winged angel on

the stairs! This was a child of Senora ——, who was dressed to perform her part in a religious procession that was going to take place. The little creature looked lovely, covered with resplendent diamonds and pearls, and furnished with bright little silvery wings; but it had a sad expression of countenance, the effect of which was very touching. A sort of star, of magnificent jewels, was gleaming on its bosom, and it seemed almost oppressed by the weight of gems it had to carry.

This angel visitant was accompanied by a nurse, who appeared very proud of the little glittering thing, and of the profusion of costly jewels with which it was so superbly adorned. The pearls were wonderfully splendid; but this is a native land—or rather native water—of pearls, for there is a regular pearl-fishery established here.

These treasures of the deep are abundantly found around the adjoining islands, and prove a profitable source of employment to a considerable body of men, who follow the laborious occupation of divers. It is said, that Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, some time ago, paid down a sum of money for the right to monopolize the

trade, and they sent out from England a diving-bell, which it was anticipated would materially tend to increase the supply of pearls from these oyster-beds; but the attempt was a vain one, in consequence of the rocky nature of the bottom of the bay, together with the very heavy ground-swell, which is so frequent here. The trade was, therefore, again transferred to the natives, who sell all they find to the resident merchants, for the jewel-cases of the fair Panamanians, as it is said not many are exported to the Old World.

The cook here (who, by the way, is an excellent one) sent up to me, the other day, a number of lovely pearls, which he had purchased, I believe, from the divers on speculation. They looked tempting enough, as they rolled one by one out of the long tubular case in which they were deposited, shining with extraordinary lustre —so fresh from the great Pacific that all the snowy whiteness of its eternal surf seemed sparkling on them!

But I would not purchase any; for, while travelling and voyaging about, it is far preferable to have nothing that is valuable, as far as it can be avoided. I had left everything I brought

with me of any value in the British Consulate at the Havana, Mr. Kennedy having given me permission so to do.

A day or two ago, I had a surprise, which was occasioned by a very different being from the pretty winged angel, mailed in jewels, and with a little halo of splendour around it. I was returning in the afternoon from the drawing-room to my own apartment, to arrive at which I had to traverse several rooms; the first a sort of sitting-room, which opened on one side to a chamber generally appropriated by Madame Jenny (the French *femme de chambre* of Miss P——) for the safe-keeping of various stores; and on the other side there was a door, which conducted to the room which H. and W. inhabited, who were then both out. When I reached the large gate-like doors which led to the outer apartment, I was much astonished to see them shut, and still more to see them opened suddenly, and a man in a sailor-like garb rush out in a horrible condition!

He had evidently been subjected to shocking bad treatment; his head and face seemed a mass of bruises and wounds, and he appeared considerably agitated, not to say alarmed. He in-

formed me, in a hurried manner, that he was the captain of a merchant-vessel, then at Panama, and had had a mutiny among his men; had escaped with difficulty, was pursued by them, and dreadfully ill-treated; he had rushed into the Consulate for refuge and safety, and was watched by the disaffected crew, who had stationed themselves at the gates of the Consulate, not daring to penetrate farther, but intending to attack him, if he ventured to quit its sheltering roof.

Mr. P—— was out at the time, but was momentarily expected home. A chair was brought by Madame Jenny, and placed near the office-door, where the poor man waited till the Consul arrived, to tell his piteous tale. Mr. P—— told me afterwards that such cases are of very common occurrence here now. The crews, in general, it appears, are all anxious to get to California (and when there, to go to the mines); besides, they have constant opportunities of getting higher wages, and are continually in a state of discontent.

We have no Consul, I find, at San Francisco, which seems very strange, when it is considered how many English merchant-ships there are

now at that port, and what an important place it has become.

There is a family of distinction here, from Buenos Ayres, and as it seems General Rosas makes all his followers, male and female, wear his colours, red and all red: in whatever part of the world they may be, they are forced, on the most broiling day, to go about like land-lubberized and boiled lobsters. The great Dictator, it is asserted, has spies in multitudes in all parts, and no one dare infringe his rules, as they would certainly be detected. Thus these Buenos-Ayrean travellers are condemned to this perpetual blush of "celestial rosy red" from morning till night, and, for aught I know to the contrary, from night till morning also, in the shape of vermillion night-robes.

I believe they do not very often leave their habitation, but whenever they do—no matter how sultry or sunshiny the day, so near the equator—they are necessitated to make their appearance like locomotive bonfires, or beef-eaters of private life, or demons (amiable social ones, however), such as strutted formerly in the hideous *auto-da-fè* processions, painted all over with crimson flames,—or perambulating poppies,

or peripatetic scarlet-beans, or as if they were burning themselves in effigy (for red in this blazing sunshine seems to roast one); in short, they were, as a French friend of mine once designated a married lady and gentleman of my acquaintance, who were remarkable for rubicund complexions, a regular *ménage carotte*. It would be awkward for them to meet a *vaquero* driving a herd of bulls accidentally, for the fury aroused in these animals by the sight of scarlet is well known.

General Rosas is said to be extremely civil and obliging just now to the English. We have had a tremendous thunder-storm here; it was necessary to close all the windows, and the crashing of the thunder was terrific. The rain came down like a temporary deluge, but the air seemed very sweet and fresh after it, though I do not think it was made cooler.

Almost every evening we hear fandangoes going on, *al fresco* amongst the natives, and mulattoes and negroes, who seem passionately fond votaries of Terpsichore. The sound of their guitars, drums and flageolets, with the accompaniment, I believe, of some hollow gourds, in which they rattle a number of pebbles, is

pleasant enough at a distance, mingling with the chiming, solemn roll of the ocean.

Madame H—— came to a little *soirée* here the other night. She was sitting by me on the sofa, and as we were conversing together, I was charmed by a perfume on her handkerchief, the most exquisite it is possible to imagine. I could not resist asking her the name of it, and if it was a Panamanian perfume. She told me it was the scrapings of a highly-scented wood that grows in the forests of the isthmus. These little shavings of wood, the odour of which I think is incomparably delicious, are laid among the handkerchiefs, and give them an intense fragrance.

Madame H—— was kind enough to say she would send me some of these scrapings, as I admired the scent so much, and accordingly a little packet arrived the following day, but of another kind of wood, Madame H—— finding her stock of the first was exhausted. This is very sweet, but does not at all equal the wood that had previously so much charmed me.

A French lady at the Havana, the wife of a medical gentleman from Paris, begged me,

when I came here, to ascertain whether there was any opening for a French physician here, they having been ruined by the French revolution (not because it improved the general health though). I consequently made inquiries, and found there were at least two established here who are much liked. There are American doctors here too, and an English one also. The latter has attended me; he is a clever person, most highly recommended, and has almost cured my hay-asthma. By the way, this complaint is known in the United States, and is called there, rose-fever.

I am strongly recommended, instead of returning at once across the isthmus, to proceed to Lima in one of the English steamers, that regularly run from hence to Callao and Valparaiso every month. The sea voyage would do me a great deal of good, and drive away, probably, all remains of the indisposition; and I think Lima would, independently of that, be well worth a visit, now that we are, comparatively speaking, so near it. I have almost recovered from the attack, but I dare not venture out at present.

Miss P—— went last evening to the theatre with Madame H——. I believe it is an enormous building, quite unfinished, and not originally designed for the purpose it now serves, it is without any roof whatever, so the spectators sit there *à la belle étoile*, happy indeed if the stars *do* shine, and no storm of rain, such as we lately had, comes down to wash them out of their seats. The performances are said to be very fair. "No toca a la reina," from the French play, "Ne touchez pas à la reine," was given the other night, and, I hear, very nicely acted.

The Americans, many of whom do not understand Spanish, got up some opposition theatricals a day or two ago in one of the hotels, the *sala* of which was fitted up as a theatre; but this failed, the company not meeting altogether with the approbation of the audience—at least so it was rumoured. It happened that the evening was oppressively hot, and I think the actors must have found it hard work to please a large number of people, crowded together in-doors, in a comparatively small room. In such an atmosphere as must

have prevailed there, they could not have attempted much exertion themselves assuredly, unless they had been salamanders, and applause too, so necessary to stimulate actors, must have been wanting. Certainly the *cooler* roofless theatre must, under these circumstances, bear away the palm and win the *palms*, from the very fact of its being so.

A sort of riot took place here a little while ago, I believe in consequence of some suspected robbery. One man supposed, among others, to be implicated, was chased a good distance by the aggrieved parties. Mr. P——, returning from a ride he had taken into the country, met this hunted man running near the entrance to the town, and he rather coolly asked Mr. P—— to lend him his horse, which proposition was respectfully declined.

It is said there is a great deal of ill-feeling between the Americans and the Panamanians: the former accuse the latter of thieving and cheating, and the natives indignantly retort. One reason, I believe, why the Americans do not agree so well with the natives as the Eng-

lish, is that they are accustomed to look upon all coloured people with great contempt. They call all the Indians and half Indians by the general name of Niggers, and treat them as such; and that offends these people much, who, though good-tempered and gentle, are very high-spirited.

Whatever pilfering goes on is laid to the natives by the Californian emigrants; and the natives say, "No, it is all amongst yourselves" Then revolvers and knives are very apt to make their appearance; and as these articles are not exactly philosophical pacificators, the fray is often begun in right earnest, and sometimes ends in bloodshed.

We have tolerably fine weather here now, with only an occasional deluge; but we hear that in the interior of the country the rainy season has rather earlier than usual almost regularly commenced. A young lady who has lately arrived at Panama from England to take the place of governess in the family of Mr. L——, the Vice-Consul here, said that three times under the most violently pouring rain her clothes had

been thoroughly saturated with water in the course of a few hours, and as often entirely dried again by the intensely powerful rays of the burning sun.

Her little pupils are half South American and half English, as Mr. L—— married a lady of New Granada. I saw a pretty little boy of his the other evening; he brought a message from his father to the Consul. I spoke to him in English.

"No hablo Ingles," said the little fellow, with a half-apologetic shrug of his pretty shoulder.

He looked like a little Anglo-Saxon, however, being exceedingly fair, with a delicate *blonde* head. One of Madame Hurtado's children is also very fair indeed, which is singular for a Spanish South American; but every now and then such rare instances are seen, and generally are much admired; as, for example, the famous Mexican beauty of former days, "*La Güera*," *par excellence*, the admired of Humboldt—La Güera Rodriguez, who bewitched even that paragon of philosophers. Would that her influence, or any other influence, could have persuaded him to

simplify their difficult language of technicalities and names, and condescend to a little unscientificalization of their terms! not that the truly great Humboldt, however, sins particularly in that respect. What a chattering there is in the outer room, as if an improvised tertulia were taking place; let us look in and see what is the matter.

An amusing scene! A quantity of things are just brought in by the washerwomen, and two or three other native women have lately come in on divers errands. A few of them are most gracefully reclined on the floor, being fatigued by their walk under the burning sun. It is the height of picturesqueness, their coal-black hair streaming around them, and their attitudes most sculpture-like. They are all talking together, with that slightly metallic-sounding voice which seems one of their characteristics. The principal washerwoman claims me as a countrywoman, and with a patronizing inclination of her woolly head—she is black as the blackest raven—informs me graciously she is an Englishwoman:

"I Ingles, tambien; I 'long to England; si."

England! Did she come out of the Durham coal-mines, and had she never used soap and water since? She quickly solved the mystery, by saying she was born in Jamaica.

CHAPTER II.

INTENTION TO GO TO LIMA—DINNER TO EX-CANNIBALS—THEATRICALS IN PANAMA—TABOGA—THE FRENCH TAILORESS—THE "HAPPY SHIP"—ROMAN CATHOLIC PROCESSION ON GOOD FRIDAY—A MISCHIEVOUS TRICK—CALIFORNIA THOROUGHLY AMERICANIZED—CALIFORNIAN ADVENTURERS AND THE STEAM-BOAT AGENT—THE DEAD NEGRO—BRITISH SUBJECTS BURIED IN PANAMA—TONE OF AMERICAN PAPERS IN PANAMA—SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE OF THE AMERICANS—OLD PANAMA—REPTILES AND INSECTS IN PANAMA—MORGAN AND HIS BUCANEERS—THE PIRATES AND THE SPANISH FLEET—WEALTH SAID TO HAVE BEEN BURIED BY THE BUCANEERS—AMERICAN LOVE OF INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

I HAVE decided on going to Lima. I find I shall thus have an opportunity of seeing several other places,—besides that interesting and famous city,—on the western coast of South America, and the steamers are said to be tolerably comfortable.

Captain F——, of H.M.S. 'Daphne,' dined here last night. He is, I believe, just come from Realejo, and was before that at the Fegee

Islands. He told me he had invited the king of these islands, a reclaimed cannibal, to dinner, with his entire court. The invitation was accepted, and His Majesty and courtiers behaved very properly. It must be rather a nervous affair having a party of ex-cannibals to dinner. Suppose your viands should not be to their taste, and in consequence haply a sudden re-action of old habits should take place, and the knife and fork should be plunged into the hosts instead of into the mutton and turkey!

Captain F—— tells me nothing has transpired that gives any hopes of poor Sir John Franklin being found.

Mr. Catherwood, the eminent artist, who executed the splendid drawings which illustrate Mr. Stephens's celebrated work on Central America, is daily expected here; but his non-appearance for a length of time, during which he has been "due" at this place, begins to create some slight uneasiness respecting his safety and well-being. He is, I understand, surveying the country—for the American Railroad Company, I believe.

I have heard a very different account of the American theatricals here since I last spoke of

them, and begin to think my informant was over fastidious. The company are said to display a high order of talent, and much experience in the histrionic art. It is said they played "The Maid of Croissy," and "The Swiss Cottage," exceedingly well. Mrs. Thorne is reported to be a very good actress.

Besides these theatricals, the detained Californians have to beguile their time a little with divers other public amusements; such as tight-rope dancers, and stilt-waltzers (or still-vaulters), from Carthagena. What the last are I know not; but they are supposed to exhibit much skill and grace.

I am afraid I shall not see Taboga while I am here; but we shall pass close to it, I believe, in going to Buonaventura, the first place we shall stop at on our voyage to Peru.

A Mr. Frique, who lately kept a French hotel here, has just opened a similar establishment in the island. He informs the public, in an advertisement in one of the Panama-American papers (of which there are several—"The Star" and "The Echo" very good, and well conducted,) that his new hotel is situated on the Plaza; and that, among other delectable treasures,

it will have "Cigars of the most *recherché* brands;" but M. Frique will not reign alone monarch of all that is to be surveyed and purveyed in that place.

A Captain Forbes intends to build a rival posada there, I see, in the newspapers; "a hotel which is now on its way round the Horn." Perhaps they have made a little mistake, and it is on its way across the Isthmus in that huge deal case we saw on an Indian's back.

Taboga is said to be a charming place: the town consists of about a hundred cabins, with a number of stone houses belonging to the *millionnaires* of the place; and there is an extremely picturesque old Spanish church. This town is built along a beautiful beach, which is said to be half covered with the remains of former buildings, and where a whole fleet of canoes may often be seen laid up. A lovely mountain stream comes dashing and sparkling down a gorge of the hills at the back of the settlement, and crosses the middle of it, on its course to the bay. This clear stream furnishes water to all the ships that visit Panama, in addition to supplying the wants of the residents. The Americans, it seems, are going to build a great many

houses at Taboga, in the course of time; "and," says 'The Echo,' "like New York, Panama will then have a Staten Island and New Brighton."

I have not mentioned the singular sight I saw the day when I went to call on Mrs. H—, to take leave of her before she went to California. Hard at work, in a tailor's shop, which of course was wide open to admit all possible air, was an apparently delicate-looking young Frenchman, stitching away at a coat. This was a French demoiselle, or dame, who, for some reason, a little time ago, perhaps at the mines of California, temporarily adopted this costume, and has since continued it. She looked, I thought, a quiet, gentle person, and was remarkably industrious, stitching away with most praiseworthy vehemence, though the thermometer might be at 100°. Her hair was cropped very short, an advantage in so oppressive a climate.

Europeans here complain of the climate ruining both their hair and their teeth. You hear, sometimes, quite young ladies say they have lost

almost all their teeth here, and have scarcely a solitary ringlet left. The native women, however, seem to have a vast abundance of the latter ornament.

Several of the servants here are natives, and I think they appear to make very good ones. (The head servants are French and Italian.) One, a young Indian girl, rejoices in the soft name of Ramona. She is, of course, excessively dark; but is very pretty, with delicate, regular features. She has a soft, low voice—"an excellent thing in woman," whether white, black, or brown.

An English gentleman has just arrived here from California, the son of Sir ——. He went to San Francisco in a yacht, I believe, the joint property of a number of friends; but this long voyage tried the tempers of these friends, it seems; for, on relating his maritime and other adventures, we were surprised to learn that at almost every port they stopped at, a duel came off. "What a miserable party you must have been!" said a lady, who was listening to the disastrous account. "Oh, no; it was a very happy ship." "How could that be?" "Well, there certainly were a great many

duels fought, but it was a very happy ship, indeed!"

If this gentleman had ever made a voyage before, it must have been in a floating Pandemonium; so that this seemed felicitous by contrast.

Monsieur Le C—— has called, and brought me some letters for Lima, one to M. de F——, the French Commodore, whose frigate is supposed to be now at Lima. He is married to a young lady of Irish descent, who is said to be a very charming person.

Would the reader like a brief account of a Catholic religious procession in this city on Good Friday? The skies were of the most cloudless azure; the weather most glorious, and not insufferably hot; and the moon poured a sea of silver light over everything. A large number of Americans were collected in different groups, anxiously watching the proceedings. They appeared to gaze with deep and intelligent interest (not a mere empty curiosity—a far more intellectual feeling) on a solemn pageant so new to most of them, and which was naturally associated, in their inquiring and cultivated minds,

with all the mystery, the religion, and the history of the past, and which appeared to their imaginations linked with all the powerful memories of those dark and mighty and wondrous ages, when the whole civilised globe trembled at the awful thunders of the Vatican—they thought of the time when all the mightiest powers of Poetry, Harmony, Architecture, Oratory, Sculpture, and Painting—all that influences and impresses the mind, all that quickens the sympathies, all that electrifies and elevates the imagination—were used with such overpowering effect by those who then swayed and directed at their will the whole Christian World. That crowd of spectators formed in itself an impressive and significant sight:—it was the Young World gazing on the Old.

The first part of the procession was composed of men and children, carrying long and large candles, burning. These were followed by penitential banners and a Cross. The procession moved to the sound of sacred music; and in due order came the civil and military authorities, some of them in very magnificent uniforms, and bearing the flag of New Granada.

Then came a representation of the Holy Sepulchre: it consisted of a pyramidal structure of four floors, on each of which were placed large lighted candles, in glass-shades, ranged as nearly together as it was possible to be, and all encircled and decorated with a profusion of brightly-coloured flowers and glittering ribbons. The effect was very brilliant, and borne after this were several other splendidly-illuminated structures of less symbolical importance, but almost equally resplendent and superb. Then followed a number of lovely Señoritas, clad in the deepest black, and each bearing a lighted taper in her hand. In different parts of the procession were to be seen religious enthusiasts and devotees, both male and female, who were shrouded in sable drapery; the former of whom continually scourged themselves with great apparent earnestness and frightful severity. Accompanying these were priests, and chanters, and choristers, I believe; and as the loud sound of the musical instruments died softly away, and the sweet melody of the chant, and the breath of the incense charmed the sense, the scene seemed more imposing and touching than before.

Ten magnificent tombs were erected in the ten principal churches of the city; some were decorated in a style of Eastern splendour at night, and made resplendent by myriads of candles. In front of them, and on the altar, were illuminated vases, groves of artificial and natural flowers, &c. During all the evening, numbers of men and women went from one church to the other, reciting prayers for the heavenly welfare of the strangers in the city.

I have taken a good deal of this account from one of the American papers, but am sorry to add that the writer, in the middle of his narration, flies into uncontrollable raptures with the delicate hands and fairy feet of the Panamamian Señoritas. It appears, besides, that at the close of the grand procession, from the Church de la Merced, a disagreeable incident arose. The spectators, and all there, were alarmed and disturbed by a creature rushing among them at a furious pace, and making what the Americans call a regular stampede. Some mischievous person, it seemed, had caught a donkey, and attached a dry buffalo hide, with diabolical ingenuity, to the elongation of his spinal pro-

cess, and he conceived he might rid himself of the inconvenient appendage, by making a sudden and terrific descent upon the procession.

It accomplished this, and the speedy dispersion of the crowd at the same time. The culprit was finally "comprehended as a wagront," and the procession again moved on. But it seemed the *prestige* was gone after this unlucky donkey-as-trophe, and the deviser of this vile trick rejoiced in its full success. Was he an emissary from Exeter Hall?

One of the sad consequences of carrying firearms always about the person occurred here a few days ago. A man named James Parker died of a gun-shot wound inflicted by a companion of his; the poor man survived the wound more than a fortnight, most of that time suffering great pain. So ended the golden dreams of California for this unfortunate sufferer.

Glancing at the newspapers here, you might almost imagine you were in one of the busy cities of the model republic. I see an announcement that the "New York Hotel is situated here in the main street, in the very centre of

trade." In anticipation of the promised railroad, I hear they are already about to erect a "Railroad Hotel" at Gorgona; in short, wherever there is an American, there is America: he carries his country about with him, and his unremitting industry and perseverance subjugate all around him.

California, by all accounts, is almost thoroughly Americanized, notwithstanding the large number of settlers from other parts of the world. But in a Californian newspaper, it is very common to see a strange mixture of American and Mexican terms "Ayuntamientos," and regulations about "the polls," "Independent tickets," and "Pronunciamientos," "alcaldes, and justices of the peace," all mingled together. I hear there are now, notwithstanding the late departures, three thousand Americans in Panama. However, a great many are going off in sailing vessels, as well as in steamers.

A little time ago, a large number who had through-tickets for the 'Tenessee,' were awaiting that steamer here, and she did not make her appearance till long after the time that she was due. This caused great inconvenience, and

consequently immense dissatisfaction, although generally the Americans take *contretemps* like this very philosophically—but they suspected some foul play it seemed. Large meetings were held, and committees appointed, to wait on the agent of the Pacific mail line of steam-ships (American) here. The agent promised to do all he could; but that proved to be nothing, and the malcontents became more indignant and more furious still. Some of these were for seizing the steamer 'Panama' (which was lying at Taboga island), *vi et armis*, and instantly proceeding to San Francisco; others were for marching on the agent's office, and taking possession of all the old inkstands, desks, books, and spy-glasses belonging to the company, and "holding on to them" as collateral security for the supposed damages sustained.

The whole town of Panama was in a state of uproar, and the graphic chronicler of these events says: "And now the tide of indignation began to swell and heave mountain-high, every stream sent its torrent, every rivulet sent its rill, and lo! the avalanche, the grand climax of desperation, was at hand!" On Tuesday, the

disappointed passengers had a grand meeting in the Great Plaza. Gloom and wrath sate "in mirrored armour," says the poetical narrator, "on the brows of the desponding." Everything looked threatening and angry, when suddenly a low rumbling noise, increasing as it rolled on, till it was like the roar of a "young earthquake," in long petticoats, bib and tucker, announced the 'Tenessee!' "Has she arrived?" "Well, she has." "Thus they still repeated the reverberating sound, and on the glad tidings flew like a streak of flogged lightning:" and soon, like a great leviathan of the Pacific, the noble ship came careering along, towards the anchorage of the bay. As she neared the place of mooring a deafening huzza shook the air, almost like a broadside, and loudly arose the chorus of that spirited song:

> "Away down in Tenessee,
> A li, e li, o li, u li."

All then became calm and serene, and they went home singing: "Corn cob, twist your hair—cart-wheel surround you," or some such merry ditty.

The graveyard of Panama is a melancholy place: it is surrounded with walls, in which the interments are made. These walls have apertures in the shape of an oven to admit the corpse; and when after decay the bones become dry, they are removed to make room for new bodies. The tops of the walls of the gloomy enclosure are constantly strewn with skull-bones, and the corners of this melancholy burial ground are crowded with the relics of mortality,

Also outside the gates are graves. An American editor says, he saw there the other day a horrible sight—the arm of a dead negro protruding about ten or twelve inches out of the ground in a state of advanced decomposition. The writer says he could not judge whether this was done designedly, or through carelessness, or whether the poor wretched negro, recovering from some swoon, came to life after he was buried, and weakly thrust his arm out thus for help, to rescue him, from what the relater rather mildly calls "his unpleasant situation!" It is said the arm has since been covered over.

I suppose from this, the negroes here are not buried in consecrated ground, as the

frightful spectacle was beyond the gates. The burial ground where foreigners are interred is a short distance removed from the native cemetery, and is a small enclosure walled in, and shaded by some noble trees. There are several large tombstones there.

The late British Consul, I believe, built this small square, and occupies a place in it: a stone slab is erected to his memory. There is a tombstone, with an inscription to the memory of "Leonard Childers, one of the Secretaries to the British Legation at the Congress of Panama, who died at this place of the yellow fever, July 16th, 1826, aged 21 years;" and another "Sacred to the Memory of John James Le Mesurier," who came to Panama, also as "Secretary to Mr. Dawkins, Commissioner from the King of England to the Congress of Panama. He had not been here a fortnight when he was seized with the fever of this country, and died at the age of 18, on the 14th of June, 1826, cut down like the promise of a flower half-blown, while others live to weep him." It is said, three weeks after their arrival they fell ill and died.

The American editor of "The Echo" indulges in a very noble strain of feeling in dwelling on this subject, and recapitulating these melancholy details. He says: "After reading the above, though an American, we felt proud that we were the descendants of British ancestors. Wherever she finds her subjects in foreign climes, England throws over them the mantle of protection" (not Protectionists' protection!); "to the living, she points to the lion and the unicorn, and the Cross of St. George, as the shield of defence; and to the dead, whose memories deserve a memento, she erects tombs and monuments to perpetuate their deeds and worth. The country which produced such a poet as Gray, knew well when and where to erect a 'storied urn or animated bust' to the memory of her departed sons. We honour the man who loves the land of his birth, and we admire and respect the government which cherishes the valour and renown of her warriors and her civilians.

"But to proceed. A little farther on, we saw several newly-made graves—the final resting-places, doubtless, of some of our adventurous

countrymen. A number of them had no board to indicate their name, or state from whence they came! Those that had an inscription on their headstones we give below." (Then follow the names of a few of the writer's countrymen.)

To have a thoroughly good and most extensive view of the bay, the ocean, the islands, the forests, and a hundred miles of shore, the visitor to Panama should ascend the bold steep called the Cerro Lancon. About five in the morning, before the intense heat commences, is the best time. I have not been able to attempt it in consequence of this "rose-asthma" I have had.

There was a robbery the other day at the Western Hotel (about 1,200 dollars were stolen). A man was suspected, and he, finding himself about to be arrested, ran off, but was closely pursued, and near "Theatre Lane," he threw a watch over the walls. He was secured, and the watch was found, with the glass broken, of course: it is said it was stolen from a passenger at the hotel about three weeks ago. When charged with the robbery, he acknowledged he had stolen the gold watch, but denied any know-

ledge of or participation in the recent theft of the money. When it was made apparent that he had stolen the watch, the crowd "were for lynching him on the spot, and but for the intervention of Mr. Vinton," says the journal, "would have accomplished their purpose." He was committed to gaol to await his trial. A reward of three hundred dollars has been offered for the detection of the robber or robbers and return of the money, or two hundred dollars for the restoration of the money only.

Nothing can be better than the tone in general of the American papers established here. They are the sworn enemies of all disorder and demoralization, and the consistent advocates and supporters of justice and right. I see in the papers that Lynch law is most uncompromisingly condemned. Earnestly do "we deprecate such a course of procedure; it is subversive of all law and the most sacred rights of the citizen; it should be frowned down by all well-thinking men."

What a wonderful people the Americans are! One finds oneself continually repeating this

mentally, when hearing of, or seeing their indomitable determination and force of character. What a wonderful people, individually and collectively! Some time ago, many left Panama, Mr. P—— informs me, in old whale-boats, in the "dug-outs" of the natives, which they converted into a rough kind of schooner, and in iron boats. One of these iron boats was dragged across the isthmus by fifty or sixty men, and went safely, I believe, to San Francisco; but they put out to sea in many wretched vessels, entirely unseaworthy. When Mr. Bayard Taylor was here, he said many small companies of men started in the miserable log-canoes of the natives for El Dorado, and after a forty days' voyage, during which time they only reached the Island of Quibo, at the mouth of the Gulf, the greater part returned:—the remainder had not been heard of.

Old Panama, built by the conqueror Pizarro, is at some distance from the comparatively modern town; it is further up the coast. The present city was built in 1670; but when I look at its extraordinary state of decay and

dilapidation, it is really difficult to believe it is not far older. In how much better repair is Pompeii!

There do not seem to be many pleasant walks or rides near the city, by all accounts. When you have passed through the neighbouring orchards and gardens, begin the dense woods, through which there are some narrow mule-paths, and of which the embowering entangled and thickly-accumulated underwood is completely impenetrable to the outward air. There is a malaria too, arising from the always enormous quantity of decaying vegetable matter, so you may stand a chance of being asphyxised or poisoned.

Then the reptiles and insects are too endless for me to attempt any enumeration of them, beyond the more familiar names of mosquitoes, garrapatos, centipedes, scorpions, poisonous spiders, tarantulas, snakes, ants, and jiggers. The ants, by the way, eat away the houses here; when once they have effected a lodgment, the beams quickly crumble away under their virulent attacks. There are others that destroy paper, and others, again, that *make* it.

There are great numbers of *winged* ants here —such little torments! They seem to be constantly devising different ingenious methods of worrying you, for they fly about your head and face, and when you think you have succeeded in driving them away, they suddenly drop their wings entirely, and follow this up by dropping themselves on your book, and rapidly crawling all over the open page. If you are drinking a glass of lemonade, you find it suddenly covered with floating ants' wings, that stick in your throat and half choke you. If the little wretches would consult their looking-glasses, they would save us that annoyance perhaps, for they are tolerably well-favoured insects with wings, and frightfully ugly little plagues without.

Here comes a shower of wings on my paper. Are the little rogues turned poetical? and do they mean figuratively to bid the letter "haste, haste, post haste?" a sentence our good old forefathers were wont to write on their scrolls; they who did not know what haste meant! when very Time seemed to have dropped his wings, like these identical ants, and to go limping along with a crutch and a gouty shoe. Their

world, indeed, stood on a tortoise, as some of the eastern nations say.

The American population resident here, and in the neighbourhood, are talking of organizing a police of their own, to prevent brawls, burglaries and street-fights. All kinds of strange accounts come in from California: among other things it is said a man was actually starved to death in a place called the "Happy Valley." He was found quite dead, after having literally gnawed and eaten the flesh from his own arms in the desperate struggle with the icy King of Terrors. There are a great many terrible stories of suicide and madness, and horrors and misery of all kinds there.

I believe the settlers suffer a great deal in going there, very often too. Mr. P—— says some time since a small ship, or rather boat, started, so crowded with emigrants to California, that it bore the greatest possible resemblance to a human bee-hive, and that literally the unfortunate, half-suffocated passengers might be seen seated in a long row on the edge, with their legs and feet dangling in the water, thus attempting to keep themselves cool.

There are a good many shops here, but articles in general seem very dear. House-rent appears to be enormously high, and Mr. P—— pays as much or more for his house, unfurnished and unfinished (for he had to do almost everything to it short of building the walls), as is demanded for a first-rate house in one of the most fashionable parts of London.

I have already mentioned that Old Panama was destroyed by the bucaneers in 1670, under the noted Morgan. In 1685, a vast number of Filibustieros, or Bucaneers, in three companies, came from Matanzas (in Cuba) and from the Caribbean Sea, and shaped their course to this part of the continent, and after encountering immense difficulties, and experiencing fearful hardships, they crossed the land in about a fortnight, and arrived at the Pacific shore. One of these companies was formed of one hundred and twenty Englishmen; the second of one hundred and seventy Frenchmen; the third of two hundred and sixty persons, who were also French.

They arrived at a bay called Bocachica, and there they found two canoes, which had been sent

to meet them by the allied bucaneers, French and English, whose fleet was cruising in the vicinity of this city. After a little repose they started for some islands called the King's Islands, about ninety miles from Panama, where they met the fleet, which was now composed of ten vessels—two frigates, four ships, three barques, and one brig. Out of the ten commanders, eight were English, one French, and the other Dutch: this last was the Admiral, and he was called David. The number of men in the vessels was eleven hundred. Most of these vessels had been taken by some Englishmen under command of David, and brought through the Straits of Magellan to the Pacific Ocean.

The chief now resolved to attack the Spanish fleet, which at that time of the year usually came from Lima to Panama; the first expedition they made, however, was to seize on the city of Seppa, about twenty-one miles east of Panama: five hundred men were engaged in this expedition, who embarked in about two-and-twenty large war canoes. Seppa was taken, but it contained comparatively little treasure; so that the disappointed pirates looked on this

expedition as a serious loss of time, with very little profit. In May they left Seppa, and returned to their ships, which were waiting at a little distance from the town.

Then the fleet weighed anchor, and started to the westward, along the coast towards Panama. They passed on the 8th of May in sight of the ruins of Old Panama, which had been destroyed by Morgan, and a great number of the very men who were then actually in this fleet in the later expedition. They shortly afterwards reached the present town of Panama, and went down to the island of Taboga, which island, says the chronicler of these events, seemed to them a perfectly enchanted spot, so admirable was the beauty of its vegetation, and so splendid the edifices constructed there by the wealthy inhabitants of Panama. The pirates, on the 9th and 10th of May, were anxiously employed in watching for the appearance of the expected Spanish fleet.

At last, on the 17th of that month, seven noble ships were seen coming towards the bucaneers, with the royal Spanish flag nailed to the mast-head. The fleet of the Filibustieros

rejoiced heartily at this sight, exclaiming that their hopes were about to be realized, and that the great struggle was at hand. None but those who have either gazed upon or participated in an ocean battle, can paint to their imagination the tremendous scene which shortly after was exhibited on the great Pacific, when those two hostile fleets met "in concerted array," on the foam-crested billows. For the desperate and lawless corsairs, it would either be a victory that would place them almost at the summit of their proudest hopes, or a complete annihilation of their powers and their terrors. Like the pirate-scourers and sea-bandits of the Gulf, their flag displayed the ghastly death's head and bones, and they were doggedly resolved to a man, to sink or swim under their almost worshipped piratical banner. The admirals of the two opposing fleets, with their forces drawn up in the order of fight, were met to dispute the sovereignty and supremacy of the great South Sea; for, indeed, at that period few vessels, save those of the Filibustieros and the Spaniards, cruised in the Pacific Ocean.

The battle was long contested, and at one

time the Spaniards had the decided advantage over their opponents, and would have had a most complete triumph; but unfortunately for them they lacked a skilful and experienced commander to direct their operations, and this proved, of course, a most serious drawback to their cause. The pirates had their vessels greatly injured, and found themselves obliged to fly in all directions, and land on divers points of the coast, to repair their armament. But although overcome in the first skirmish they were not destroyed, and without considering their material and numerical inferiority, they sailed again on the 26th of June for Panama, recruited in spirits, confident in hope, and with all their vessels repaired. The Spaniards in the interim had fortified the city, and with their vessels in good order were waiting, thoroughly prepared to encounter their deadly and relentless foe.

But the cunning Filibustieros, seeing they had no chance of then overpowering their adversaries, or attacking them with the faintest prospect of victory, abandoned for a time the enterprize, and went on smaller expeditions along

the coast, assailing and sacking cities, and plundering vessels wherever they could find any treasure worthy their attention.

Among these lesser expeditions, one of the most important was directed against the city of Realejo, 795 miles west of Panama. Realejo was taken and burnt down in October, together with a considerable number of towns and villages in the vicinity. At the beginning of the year 1686, the bucaneers, with their fleets, directed their course towards the city of Panama, and, as they had previously done, made Taboga their head-quarters. After having made their depôt secure by strengthening and fortifying it as well as they could, they resolved on losing no time in making an onslaught on the city; and they obliged the President of Panama (as a preliminary measure to their operations) to surrender all the prisoners the Spaniards had taken in the previous ferocious engagements on these waters. They then seized all the provisions in the place, to sustain them in their lawless career; and after that, they made a further demand on the President, insisting on his paying six thousand

dollars; to which demand, backed by so formidable a force, the President submitted.

Emboldened by their success, the freebooters, with their usual audaciousness, again made a levy of ten thousand dollars on the President, to which the Spanish chief magistrate, though with reluctance and deep humiliation, was compelled by circumstances to submit. The bucaneers, having extorted these sums of money, returned, well pleased with their success; and they proceeded up the Bay of Panama.

The pirates during the years 1686 and 1687 haunted the sea-coast of Central America, and successively seized on all the prosperous and flourishing cities which the Spaniards had built in that part of the world. Realejo, Acapulco, and Tequilla were taken and plundered by them. A party of the Filibustieros sailed in one of their vessels, and went as far as California, where they found some Spanish settlements and missions already established. But the El Dorado of the present time was then not known to possess such golden attractions; and as the promise of plunder and booty in those regions appeared to be small, they resolved to abandon

the now far-famed land, as not presenting sufficient charms or guerdons for their bold exploits and intrepid achievements. It was said of old, the inhabitants of the "Eureka State" were so poor, they lived upon fried grasshoppers.

The bucaneers, wherever they presented themselves, were commonly successful; but at length the Spaniards, becoming more accustomed to their peculiar mode of warfare, fortified their cities, and increased their defences; while the pirates, from leading a rough, roving and irregular life, exposed to countless hardships and privations, were being diminished day by day; so that, towards the termination of their wonderful career in the Pacific, a mere skeleton of this once-powerful banded force of ocean brigands was left as a small nucleus, around which to muster and rally their marauding and piratical forces. Whenever a city was destroyed by these corsairs, the Spaniards immediately reconstructed it again, fortified it with the strongest-walled barriers, and furnished it with guns of the heaviest calibre.

The bucaneers, having succeeded in accumulating immense hoards of treasure, tired of

their life of lawless enterprise, and with their best leaders growing grey and superannuated, resolved at length to abandon their pillaging and piracies of the Southern Seas and the cities of the coast, and to return home, leaving their extraordinary deeds and works behind them, for the wonder, the admiration, or condemnation of after ages.

In the year 1688, they returned to the shores of the Atlantic, directing their footsteps across the Isthmus of Panama, by the same route they had taken in their unhallowed pilgrimage westward. The terrible piratical flag of the death's head and bones never more streamed in hideous ascendancy over the mighty waters of the Pacific, as if the King of Terrors himself were watching for his prey, determined that the bright waves of the Southern Seas should vie with the graves of Earth in concealing the mouldering remains of mortality.

This is a brief sketch of the last famous voyage of the bucaneers in the Pacific. It appears to be very commonly believed that they did not carry with them (when they abandoned their life of peril and plunder) all the vast, the almost unbounded riches they had

accumulated, by perpetually pillaging vessels, and sacking flourishing and wealthy cities.

Many historians and narrators have thought (and it is said that a great number of persons in Panama believe it) that they deposited an enormous amount of wealth (specie and heaps of jewels) underground, in some of the islands which were their usual places of rendezvous, in the intervals of their daring expeditions, which costly treasures they did not, from various reasons, dig up from their hiding-places. These islands are situated between Panama and Realejo, all along the coast. In late times, some exploring parties have been organized to seek in these localities for the spots where it is supposed some of these valuable treasures were hidden. No satisfactory discoveries have been made as yet; no precious jewels, no heaps of gold, no chests of silver bullion, have shone forth, to reward the treasure-hunters' toil. To this hour, it appears, the earth, to whose keeping the gathered spoils were confided, has guarded the wealth in her secret recesses.

There are a great many difficulties in the way of the explorers; but, if the tale be true,

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I have no doubt that, sooner or later, the indefatigable bands of Americans will succeed in disembowelling the treasures, and giving back to the light of day the precious spoils that rewarded the intrepid enterprises and fearless adventures of the famous and powerful Filibustieros. There are however nobler objects for the Americans to direct their minds toward accomplishing.

Bolivar, though doubtless he in some respects revolutionized the minds of the people, and made them friends of liberty, yet did little more for their advancement or their enlightenment. He left behind him nothing here at least, it would seem, that could contribute either towards the intellectual elevation of their minds, or to the enlargement of their stores of knowledge. It is said there is an educational institution here, not much superior to an infant school in England. The industrial pursuits of peace are but poorly and scantily developed, and the Americans may, and I doubt not will, do much in time by their enlightened example and assistance in awakening the dormant energies of the people and improving their intellectual condition generally. Wherever an American goes,

there springs up his free press—the constant accompaniment of his footsteps.

It is asserted that during the Mexican war the Americans had newspapers constantly printed to amuse their anxious and weary hours, animate and lighten their labours, and reconcile them to hardships and privations of all kinds. An American looks upon his daily press and his daily bread as equally necessary to his existence.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROBABLE FUTURE OF PANAMA—SOUTH AMERICAN RAILROADS PROJECTED—GOLD-SEEKERS IN PANAMA—LARGE IMPORTATION OF FRUIT-TREES INTO CALIFORNIA—AMERICAN IMPROVEMENTS IN PANAMA—ALLEGED ILL-TREATMENT OF EMIGRANTS BY SHIP-OWNERS—THE GREEN MOUNTAIN YANKEE—THE INDIANS AND THE DAMP GUNPOWDER—THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW GRANADA—ITS RECENT POLICY.

WHAT will be the future of Panama, it is impossible with any precision to say. Situated as it is about midway between Patagonia and the United States' possessions up to the confines of Oregon, it is most favourably placed; and its commercial facilities in this central position, are almost unrivalled by any port on the western side of this great continent nearer than Valparaiso in the south, or San Francisco in the west.

If it ever has a railroad or a canal connecting the waters of the two oceans, terminating at this point or in the vicinity, it would be scarcely possible to exaggerate the enormous magnitude and amount of the trade, which would follow the completion of either of these means of transit and oceanic intercommunication. What an immensity of traffic would necessarily centre here! How would this wretchedly dilapidated city spring up from ruin and decay, and more than regain its pristine splendour! how would it extend its dimensions; recruit its impoverished finances, and probably become at no very distant period the capital and the commercial metropolis of a wealthy and a widely-spread empire.

The products of China and Japan, and the innumerable fabrics of eastern climes and lands, would assuredly seek this as the easiest and most direct communication with the United States and with Europe; and the route of Cape Horn, so tedious and perilous, would be entirely abandoned. How would the flags of all the nations of the world be reflected on the waters of this beautiful bay!

The Government of New Granada appears to be a very liberal Government on the whole, and from all I can collect, it seems to be nearly the best of the South American republican governments altogether. The President, in his message last month, was able to say: "New Granada is at peace with all the neighbouring republics and the great Powers of the North, and of Europe. While the other republics of South America are still disturbed by internal troubles, New Granada presents the spectacle of peace and happiness."

I believe the same steamer in which we are going to Lima will convey to Callao in Peru and to Chili the engineers who are engaged to superintend the formation of the first railroads ever constructed in South America. An American company is going to commence a line in Chili from the port of Caldera, on the Pacific Ocean, to Copiapo in the mining district of that country, about fifty-five miles from the sea-board. The chief and most active directors of this company are natives of the United States, who have been for many years resident in Chili, and have justly acquired

a very considerable influence there by their character for enterprize, their liberality, and public spirit.

Copiapo, in the province of Coquimbo, is above 500 miles north of Valparaiso, in one of the most productive of the mining districts of Chili. It is said to be about 1,100 feet above the Pacific, and the road will be 55 miles long, with descending grades from that point to the coast, the grades not to exceed fifty feet to the mile in any part. The engines are made by Messrs. Norris, of the United States, and the cars, and turn-tables, and the entire equipment of the road, are made in the United States. The iron for the rails, I believe came from England. The other line is much shorter, being only from Callao to Lima, about eight miles.

These, the first two railroads in South America, are almost certain to be successful, and will introduce, under favourable auspices, to this vast continent, one of the most prominent features of modern civilization and prosperity. It is an era, indeed, for the people of these regions.

Americans still keep pouring into Panama; for steamers are continually coming to Chagres, bringing large parties of emigrants. We hear that several have lately lost their way in the dense forests of the isthmus. It often becomes indispensably necessary to lighten the ascending canoes (overloaded as they frequently are) about six miles below Gorgona, and the passengers are required to find their own way as best they can to that place. They usually try to take a path across the country; but as it is exceedingly difficult to do this, they often miss their way, and many of them acquire, unwillingly, a great deal of topographical knowledge, from having to pass a weary night among the woods and hills; but it sometimes ends seriously.

Mr. Montague, an American gentleman, told me the other day he had heard some dead bodies had been found in the forest, which, there was too much reason to suppose, were the remains of some of his unfortunate countrymen.

We begin to like much the style of living here, and especially the cool, light architecture of the houses: the rooms are invariably high,

and the windows and doors very large. In these hot countries, in general, by the way, it seems the heights of the natives' houses might serve as a kind of thermometer, to inform the traveller of the average degrees of heat. It appears that the temperature instinctively, to a certain extent, determines the elevation. Where there is great heat, the habitations are enormously high, and where the atmosphere is subject occasionally to chilly damps, or the place is exposed to winds more or less violent, the roofs are proportionately lower. They generally build their houses, in the native villages, on a raised bank of earth.

In all the warm regions the invaluable bamboo furnishes "the uprights" at the angles of the proposed edifice, and the jambs of the doorways; and when the heat is uninterrupted and uniform, mats of the palm usually, and other easily-appropriated materials, form the slight partitions within and without (in most of the houses there are only the canes for walls). Everywhere the thatched or tiled roof presents a spacious verandah, an open colonnade, which surrounds the house (of enormous dimensions in some of the better houses), which verandah

is in fact a continuation of the sloping line of the roof beyond the upright partitions, and either a lengthening of the rafter-like timbers of the roof resting their terminations on a line of perpendicular posts beyond the wall of the house, or an addition made after the construction of the simple edifice.

I hear that for several days past a number of the detained Californians have been washing with bowls and tin pans the earth and sand near the breaches in the ancient wall on the south side of Panama. There were rumours that some sparkling dust had been observed by persons accidentally wandering in that vicinity. The eager emigrants (hoping they had detected a rival to the mighty gold-dust-bin, California!) instantly began to dig out the vast mass of rubbish scattered about in that neighbourhood, thinking anything that glittered on the Pacific coast must be gold; but on carefully testing the produce of their day's zealous labours, they found they had got nothing but the scorious refuse from some Spanish bell-casting or cannon-founding of olden times.

I mentioned that we had seen emerge from the cavernous hold of the 'Georgia' a small

forest of trees, as if from that "oak leviathan" were sprouting numerous younger branches. It appears probable that they belonged to a Mr. Booth, of New Jersey, who is taking with him to the El Dorado about thirty thousand fruit-trees. What a benefactor is this orchard-planter to all the future little school-boys of the gold state! Who does the most good, the leader in wars and insurrections, or the public-spirited individual who benevolently adopts means to provide posterity with the blessings of pumpkin-pies, or seeks to lighten the labours of learning by affording the cheering consolations of apple-dumplings? Apples, too, grown in such a soil! Must not every pippin be a golden pippin, and indeed every apple equal to the one for which three goddesses disputed?

The El Doradians are too good-natured to be angry with me for a little Californian epitaph I made the other day:

> Friends! but let me for awhile in this auriferous soil remain,
> Then, when changed to gold-dust, dig me up, and take me home again.

We are informed that American improve-

ments are thronging fast in upon the Panamanians. A genuine Yankee hand-cart has been seen in the Plaza, the first vehicle of the kind ever witnessed here—at least within the memory of man. There is an ox-cart, besides, just established for heavy goods, drawn by a solemn-looking pair of oxen, particularly dilatory in their movements, who are tugged along by a *mozo*, by means of a rope in their noses. "Clear the track!" cry the Americans, who are charmed at these signs of coming improvements, and hail the innovations heartily.

Several of the steamers over-due have not yet arrived, and much discontent continues to prevail. Some of the poor passengers have not hesitated to say they considered themselves swindled out of their money; others declare they have already submitted to cruel hardships and impositions. I hear that many of them protest they were shown a diagram of the ship (a most perfect model) they were to take their passage in, and the exact position of their berth was pointed out to them; but they were soon lamentably undeceived: they were thrust, they say, into a different quarter from that which had been shown to them, and instead of a berth,

an atrocious invention of the enemy called a "standee" (a miserable thing, made to be just put up at night for the *dis*-accommodation of the unlucky martyrs) was substituted. Yet they all look as good-humoured as ever, when by chance you see them sauntering about, and trying to do nothing, which seems very difficult to them—a herculean task, indeed!

I must give the reader, for his edification, an account of a son of the Green Mountains, in the United States, during a storm at sea: in the papers it is headed, characteristically, "It takes a Yankee, it does!" During the last trip of the noble steam-ship 'Ohio,' from New York to Chagres, and while the terrific gale which she encountered was raging at its very highest pitch, and half the passengers were on their knees, expecting the vessel to go to the bottom every moment, and the other half standing aghast, and gazing horror-stricken at the awful abyss of foaming water yawning hideously before them, a tall, Green Mountain Yankee, from Vermont, with a white hat stuck knowingly (and how it stuck on at all in that gale must ever remain a mystery!) on one side of his head, was observed pacing the deck,

deeply "calc'lating," and soon he was heard inquiring whether there were any "Californy" tickets for sale—he was willing to give one half, and would run all the risk! The newspaper account thus ends: "That chap is now in Panama, and sails hence for San Francisco, in the 'Oregon.' We rather 'guess' he will find a prospect in California!"

There are ten steamers now anxiously expected here that are coming round the Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan, one of which is a river steamer, called the 'New World,' intended to run on the Sacramento River. This is the second river steamer that has ever been sent round.

I must repeat a tough story that is now in circulation relative to the natives and their unsophisticated simplicity. A number of kegs of gunpowder, it is asserted, were placed upon the backs of the "men-mules" (who would be, were it not for the opposition-trains of their less numerous four-footed rivals, in almost the position of the camel—the ship of the desert), for transport across the isthmus, with the strictest reiterated directions that they should be kept perfectly dry;

but unfortunately a most violent shower of rain overtook them before they got half way across. The powder, they had much reason to fear, had become wetted by the superabundant fluid.

In this predicament they kindled a good fire, and an attempt was instantaneously made to dry the combustible compound of saltpetre and brimstone; when, alack! it ignited, exploded, and went off like a tremendous sky-rocket, shaking the ground, and blowing the unhappy Indians into the air, and shivering them into twenty thousand pieces.

I have said that the Government of New Granada seems one of a really liberal character; and the news lately arrived from Bogota would seem to corroborate that statement. The Secretary of State has just presented a law to establish immediately the freedom of *the press*. The ministers, I see, have lately presented a projected law for the decentralization of the financial administration of the Granadian Republic. This seems a hazardous experiment; for if it receives the national sanction, it will doubtlessly tend to weaken much the Federal System here.

If each of these provinces (as they are called)

has the management of its own financial affairs, the political power of the country will most likely fall into anarchy. This country requires, I should think, as much consolidation as possible; and anything that tends to overthrow the unity of government would materially injure its prosperity.

They have a Vice-President here, after the example of the United States, and his election, by late accounts, was just about to take place. General Obando is the new "Designado." If the President and Vice-President both should die, the "Designado" at once assumes the supreme power of the government, and is immediately recognised as the head of the nation. In short, he is another edition of the Vice-President, a second "en cas;" so that the New Granadians would seem to be very careful not to have a chance of being left without a supreme governor for a moment. They must, I suppose, be aware that they are terribly flighty mice, and sure to play when the cat is away, since they seem so anxious to provide a number of "deputy-provisionary-vice-sub-supernumeraries."

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL AT LIMA ANNOUNCED—EMBARK ON THE 'BOLIVIA'—VIEW OF PANAMA FROM THE SEA—BUENAVENTURA—THE RIVER AND CITY OF GUAYAQUIL—HORSES' DREAD OF ALLIGATORS—NATIVE BOATS AND THEIR VARIED FREIGHT—PARROTS, MACAWS, AND PAROQUETS—PONCHOS—THE GUAYAQUIL LADIES—GRASS HATS—THE FIVE PRODUCTIONS OF GUAYAQUIL—PAYTA—ITS POPULATION—ITS SALUBRITY—ITS MARKET—SCARCITY OF WATER AT PAYTA—FORMER WEALTH OF THAT PLACE.

We arrived at Lima in perfect safety a few days ago. I should not at all repent of the resolution I had taken to come here, were it not that I shall thus be longer without my English letters, which will be awaiting me at Jamaica.

I must console myself by thinking I am on my way home, though by a rather lengthened *circumbendibus!* I was so afraid of missing my letters altogether, if I attempted to arrange

for them to follow me, that I preferred the chance of their accumulating, and waiting for me at some given spot; and besides, I originally calculated on being at Jamaica long before this: it is very difficult to arrange satisfactorily about letters at such a distance.

The sea voyage hither has done us an immensity of good, and also the delicious climate of Lima. We suffered terribly from the intense heat, however, during part of our voyage; but I have now got rid of the remains of that hay-asthma, which incapacitated me so much from going about for nearly a fortnight at Panama.

We hear that the cholera, which is said never to have passed the Equator, is now within three leagues of Bogota, and apparently gradually creeping on. The people here say it will stop at the Line—*nous verrons!*

The morning we left Panama was not very hot, fortunately for us, for of course we had to walk to the beach, (at about the hottest time of the day, too,) as it was the only way of getting there, unless we had ridden on mules, which was not worth while, or gone in the famous hand-cart. Behold us, then, on our sultry way, after

having taken leave of our lovely and amiable young hostess, escorted by our thrice hospitable host, and with Pio (not "Nono," the Pope, unless *again* in disguise, but that secular individual who filled the office of head mozo in the Consular establishment) superintending the safe conveyance of our luggage, carried by peons. We were introduced to the Captain of the 'Bolivia' on the shore, who subsequently very obligingly made every possible arrangement for our comfort and accommodation on board the steamer, and we were soon rapidly gliding along towards the vessel among the snow-white pelicans.

When we got pretty near the English steamer, we saw a boat alongside, from which people were, it seemed to us, ineffectually attempting to raise some huge dark object into the steamer. This was an immense bullock, which we for some time thought was dead, but after awhile he showed that he was very alive, kicking and struggling tremendously: he floundered about, half in the water, it seemed, more like a young whale on four legs than a respectable land animal, accustomed to the progress of civi-

lization, and the society of domesticated cattle, and about to be devoted to the service of some of his cousins and namesakes. At last the poor bull was hoisted into the vessel in safety.

The view of Panama from the sea is lovely. When we had steamed along about an hour, we came to Taboga, after passing several other hilly and volcanic-looking islands. Taboga is very lovely. Down to the beach grow the rich groves of orange and of tamarind. Beside a clump of cocoa-nut palms is the town, sheltered and shaded; and the hills rise, as they so often do in these delightful regions, in a beauteous semicircular amphitheatre of natural terraces, enriched with the most exquisite vegetation to their summits. Some of them may be about one thousand feet high. Various species of palm, and banana, and lemon, and orange, and tamarind trees cover the ground in a thick mass, till, on the beach, they almost dip into the water.

It is said—I know not with what accuracy—that this is the only place between Cape Horn and San Francisco, where a dry dock is practicable, and that here it would be very easy to construct one. The Indian houses here seem to

be thatched with grass, and there is a curious fashion of arranging gourds on the roof, divided in two, to preserve them from rain.

At dinner, we met Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and a sister, I think, of that lady's. Besides us the two latter were the only ladies on board. Mr. Campbell is the chief superintendent of the American engineer corps for the projected Chilian railroad. He was accompanied by two resident engineers, and several first-assistants; and there are a number, besides, of artisans and sub-assistants.

The chief engineer of the Anglo-Peruvian railroad was also on board, with a considerable band of associates and assistants. The first place we stopped at was Buenaventura, which was a miserable-looking town. Whether it had ever seen better days in the time of the Spanish dominion, and has become impoverished and half depopulated since, I know not. The coast was rugged and bold, but nobly wooded.

Buenaventura is the port of Bogota, on the Pacific. Those who go by this route to the capital, generally follow the course of the river Cauca to Cartago, from whence they ride along a dreadful road to Bogota. The time occupied

altogether by this journey is usually about three weeks. The country, we were told, is splendid. The Atlantic and Pacific are thought to be connected through a communication between the Cauca and the Magdelena.

From Buenaventura we proceeded to Guayaquil. Soon after crossing the Line we found the heat intense, and so it continued till we got near Callao. We were much amused by one of our fellow-travellers in the morning rushing into the cabin to know whether we would not go on deck to see the Line, as we were very near it.

Before entering the Guayaquil river we passed the singular rock called by the English Dead Man's Island; by the Equadorians, El Enamortajado (corpse). We thought it looked very much like a gigantic fossilized Egyptian mummy; a most colossal corpse laid in state on its boundless ocean bed, with its face upturned to the everlasting sun and stars. Noble sepulchral lamps, indeed!

There is a story in reference to its sombre designation of terror, of some men having been forgotten there and left to perish during a Guayaquil Pronunciamiento; but its extraordinary

formation is sufficient to account for its melancholy name. After that we passed a large island called Puna.

The river of Guayaquil is a noble, deep, large stream. While we were ascending it we felt almost suffocated with the heat, which was terribly oppressive. Guayaquil is eighty-five miles from the mouth of the river. When the heat of the sun moderated, we went on deck.

I thought some of the scenery on the banks lovely; in many parts they appeared to me to assume a particularly park-like aspect, with charming openings between the groups of trees, that made one long to land and explore a little there—please the mosquitoes.

We tried in vain to catch a glimpse of grand, old, kingly Chimborazo and the great Cotopaxi. There was a floating canopy of clouds to be seen, and that was all. Before we reached the river there suddenly came on thousands of bright, beautiful flashes of lightning, like winged suns darting about with bewildering rapidity,—most exquisite meteorological pyrotechnics they were,—and with their dazzling reflections they sometimes almost made

the Pacific one sheet of flame. The southern constellations—and conspicuously beautiful and interesting among them the Cross—looked magnificent when the lightning partially ceased.

At length we arrived at the town of Guayaquil, the chief sea-port of Ecuador. There has been a serious rebellion going on (and that *is* strange, for one really wonders how they can go on with their petty revoltings and revolutionizings without laughing), and the city is actually in the hands of the wrong man, whoever that may be. I heard his name but forget it, which is as well, for he may very likely be the right man by this time. There were no signs of anything being altered or disordered in any way by this pronunciamientical state of things.

These outbreaks seem a part of the constitutions of these new Southern republics generally. "Sweet chasing sweet, joy overtaking joy." I am told that in Peru, the election for the President regularly produces one, or rather *is* one. Law and order are entirely set at defiance; rebellions and massacres are then merely pardonable ebullitions of enthusiasm

and patriotism, and are quite amicably committed, and, as the Frenchman said when he killed his wife, innocently done in a *petit moment de vivacité*. In short, revolution seems almost the normal state of things. No wonder Guayaquil looked so gay and contented.

I know not whether there was any extra lighting of the town to express their joy at being in such delightful circumstances; but I must say, I have seldom beheld a more magnificently-illuminated city than Guayaquil. As you ascend the river the town is on the left-hand side; broad quays of immense length, and splendidly lit-up at night, adorn the city greatly, besides being eminently useful to the shipping; for, when moored to the rings upon the wharf, vessels of very considerable size may remain alongside of them without touching the ground.

There are said to be immense numbers of very large alligators some miles above the town. They occasionally overset accidentally the slight and fragile canoes of the Indians, who bring in these boats to the Guayaquil market fruit and vegetables, (among which are immense numbers of splendid pine-apples;) then woe to the poor

boatman! for the moment the alligator sees him in the water, he seizes upon him, and his repast is too soon an accomplished fact.

They say the horses and cattle are afraid of going to the river to drink, and often make use of different stratagems to avoid this ferocious enemy; but, if they unsuspiciously come and stoop down to drink, the alligator, till then concealed, or nearly so, darts at the head of the poor animal, insultingly pulls his nose, and drags him quickly down, depriving him of all power of motion by a blow from his terrible tail. The common belief in the complete impenetrability of an alligator's natural coat of mail is now sometimes disputed; though there is no doubt that he is provided with very excellent armour.

Guayaquil appeared to me an exceedingly picturesque town. The balconied and verandah-surrounded houses have a particularly pretty effect, especially in the brilliant illumination that I have described. Guayaquil looked all alive; but we saw no symptoms of anarchy: numerous promenaders seemed enjoying the beauty of the evening.

It is curious that here, within two degrees of the equator, the ladies are remarkably fair, and,

indeed, have almost Anglo-Saxon complexions. They are celebrated for their beauty; and formerly, I believe in the Spanish days, there were many very distinguished families residing here, possessed of enormous wealth.

In the morning we beheld a very gay and busy scene: the steamer was literally surrounded with native boats of all shapes and sizes, some filled to overflowing with almost innumerable parrots, macaws, and paroquets; pine-apples and various tropical fruits in others, piled in perfect pyramids and mounds; and the noise was nearly deafening. Every parrot strained its harsh voice to the utmost, and seemed in the greatest possible rage and fury. Was there a revolution among the ornithological population of the republic, as well as among the human? Was this a parrot-and-paroquet pronunciamiento? No; they were too sensible—they only objected, perhaps instinctively, to a sea-voyage. But what a noise they made! Talk of people being deafened by artillery in a battle, indeed! the sharp edge of these piercing sounds seemed to cut through and through the tympanum—like knives.

The little paroquets (some were lovely, tiny creatures, with white rings round their necks, and the most charming little turquoise-blue heads conceivable) repeated incessantly, "Perroquito chiquito, blanquito bonito;" and the macaws reiterated, in their hoarse, guttural manner, "Tocar la pata," or something like that, in the hubbub. The poor birds seemed fit for Bedlam at last, for none appeared to like to give in, and the clatter seemed to increase. If the natives wished to find purchasers, surely they should have gagged these ear-splitting creatures.

For a moment a terrible idea floated over my horror-stricken imagination. Was it possible the living contents of these canoes would be transferred to the good steamer 'Bolivia?' But no; most of the passengers must have had a surfeit of parrot-talking for ever. If there were any amiable English visitors on board, politically inclined, and ambitious of a seat in Britain's Parliament, I have good reason to think that morning's trial and torment has caused them to change their minds; and if any of them should have been elected (as I am told a gentle-

man lately was) in their absence, they will probably take an early opportunity of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds.

Extraordinary as it may appear, a few of the shrieking chatter-boxes were bought. One little blue-headed beauty became a great favourite with V——; but whether, as some thought, the poor little thing had been injured, or whether it never recovered its own small share in the animated debate I have spoken of, I know not; but it died very soon.

The Captain sent me some splendid ponchos to look at, which were of very brilliant colours, and exquisite materials. They were made by the Indian women; and they say these fine and beautifully-finished ones take a great deal of time, and a considerable amount of labour. They were fringed and embroidered, and appeared to be of rich silk; but I believe were formed entirely of the wool of the Vicuna.

I am constrained to confess, Guayaquil is rather a candle-light beauty; not so, it seems, are the Guayaquilenas, with their delicate complexions and masses of magnificent hair and

miniatures of feet Cinderella's glass-slipper would not have fitted many of these South American ladies, for it would have been much too large. The Guayaquil grass hats are very famous: they vary in price from three to fifty dollars: they are extraordinarily durable, and the best require great care and attention in choosing the peculiar grass of which they are made, and subsequently in preparing it; which accounts for the apparently extravagant price asked for those of superior manufacture.

Ecuador, in which this grass grows, I believe, prohibits its exportation. The most delicate of these hats can only be worked upon, it is said, in a particular state of the atmosphere, which restricts the hours of labour upon it (without any interference of our benevolent Lord Ashley) to a limited number during the day, consequently a very perfect and superfine hat occupies whole months in preparation. Of course, the only genuine ones are made at the place whence the hats take their name; but large numbers of a very tolerably successful imitation,

though decidedly inferior, are manufactured in the province of Piura in Peru, and exported from Payta.

Gay and brilliant as revolutionized Guayaquil looked, we were not sorry to leave it; for the heat and the mosquitoes were altogether almost insupportable. We bade farewell at last to the town, and started, carrying off from those thick-thronging boats full of pine-apples and paroquets—quite a mountain of the former, which are certainly marvellously excellent at that place: they are very large and juicy, and of most exquisite flavour, and the inside is of a snowy whiteness.

We had some Guayaquil beef at dinner, which was exceedingly good; so that five productions of Guayaquil seem to be superlatively fine—beef, hats, pine-apples, ladies, and paroquets.

How we longed, as we steamed down the river—whose heated banks seemed steaming in emulation—to breathe the fresh air of the ocean! Still the pretty scenery of parts of the river kept us at the cabin-windows, though the closeness of the atmosphere did not allow us to dream

even that we were inhaling that luxury called air.

At length we were once more on the glorious Pacific, on our way to Payta. Chimborazo, and Cotopaxi, were neither of them visible; but the ocean looked as beautiful as it possibly could, to console us a little for the disappointment.

Payta is an extraordinary place indeed—a sterile, treeless, waterless desert. It is the port of Piura, the chief town of the province; which large town is distant about forty miles in the interior, and is the first city built by Pizarro, when he conquered the province. It is said to contain about 12,000 inhabitants. The population of Payta amounts to about 4,000.

The bay on which it is built, if I am correctly informed, affords the only secure anchorage on this part of the coast. It is difficult to imagine anything more dreary, wild, and inhospitable-looking than this bleak, arid place.

The houses, with their high, thatched roofs, stand under a barren range of yellow, bilious-looking sand-hills, that seem afflicted with a perpetual jaundice: there is neither tuft nor sprig, nor leaf nor blade of vegetation visible.

Most of the houses are constructed of the bamboo, either slightly filled in with clay, or intermixed with a few strips and shreds of hide, and the principal ones are coated with mud inside and outside, and whitewashed: the habitations of the Indians, like those on the isthmus, are mere cages of cane. It is like dwelling in a Brobdignagian wicker basket, turned topsy-turvy, and with an immense extinguisher-like thatched roof, in place of the bottom of the basket.

Dreary and melancholy as its appearance is, the situation of this town is said to be particularly salubrious: the Indians live to an exceedingly advanced age here. The profession of the healing art has a very bad chance at Payta: a barber and a painter are said to have followed the medical line here, and undertaken to attempt to kill off a few of those long-lived individuals, but unsuccessfully: draughts could not destroy them—pills could not poison them.

Before the yoke of Spain was thrown off, there was a very consiserable over-land commerce from the Atlantic coast to Panama, on the Pacific: the richly-freighted argosies, heavy with gold and treasure, always put into Payta,

on their way to and from Callao—strange as it may seem—for water, as well as provisions. Provisions and water are brought from the interior, and the latter from some distance, for there is not a single drop of fresh drinking water within six leagues of the place: as a shower of rain only falls about once in three or four years, the inhabitants are entirely dependent upon a river six leagues off, for that essential necessary of life. Regularly every morning come in, laden with water-barrels, mules and donkeys, which also bring into the town abundant supplies of vegetables and meat.

These two last are very reasonable in price, but the water is extremely dear. The natives say, in Payta it is far more economical to drink wine; therefore, no doubt they do—whenever they can get it. Let not Father Mathew, or any other preacher of teetotalism come here, for Nature herself seems to oppose their principle in this thirsty place.

The poor mules and donkeys who bring the precious liquid, and the various articles of consumption to the town, are rarely allowed to taste a drop of water until they return to the above-mentioned river, and they are, under

ordinary circumstances, driven back into the interior the same night. The mosquito, who, alas! is not a water-drinker (would that Father Mathew could make him one!), and the common house-fly, are the only creatures of the insect tribe to be found in this place: no reptile exists there. The very dogs, during the oppressive heats, have been frequently known to migrate to the banks of the "abounding river," that they might satisfy their raging thirst in peace, thus deserting their masters.

The market is very well supplied on the whole, I am informed: bananas, plantains, figs, pomegranates, cherimoyas, aguacates (which fruit has several *aliases*, though it seems a respectable sort of natural production enough—they are sometimes called "avocados" and "alligator" pears; the last is sufficiently absurd, for it neither resembles a pear, nor an alligator!),* tomatoes, sweet-potatoes, and other tropical fruits and vegetables, are plentiful and excellent. Besides they have poultry, and beef and mutton.

* In Jamaica, I hear, they are called "subaltern's butter."

The Indian women who assemble in the morning in the market-place to sell provisions, have not forsaken their old national costume, such as their ancestresses appeared in, in the days of "the Children of the Sun"—the Incas of Peru, for which I honour them greatly. This costume is remarkably simple, consisting chiefly of a large, flowing, black dress, with very wide, loose sleeves.

The exquisite transparency and clearness, as well as the dryness of the atmosphere at Payta, are very remarkable; but there are no rich twining plants and flowers there to embroider the very air with their high-fantastical, and delicate vagaries: all is sterile and glaring.

But, however dreary and unfruitful the vicinity of Payta may be, the province of Piura has the reputation of being eminently fertile, and rich in many productions, animal, mineral and vegetable. Great quantities of cotton grown there are among the exports from Payta. It also exports silver, cattle, goat-skins, &c. The cotton generally produces two crops in the year, and grows to the size of a tree. It is of an extremely good quality.

The town is the depôt still, as it was under the Spanish rule, of the extensive commerce of the interior of North Peru. The best Peruvian bark is found in the valleys of Loxa in the northern part of Peru, and in those of Hualaga in Bolivia.

Some little time ago Payta had actually been totally without rain for ten years. If during three or four years the inhabitants are blessed with a few precious showers, their wild, rugged hills smile with delicate verdure, and it is even of vast pecuniary advantage to Payta.

There are the marks of former water-courses leading to the sea, in the neighbourhood, now completely dry; but the traces of water having once flowed there, are still, travellers say, perfectly plain and visible in the beds of the now empty channels. It is supposed—and it seems with much reason—that some ancient revolution and convulsion of nature either diverted the course, or entirely dried up the sources of these former torrents; it appears no tradition exists of water ever having been heard of or seen much nearer to Payta than now.

Some of the best houses at Payta have their

patios covered over with awnings, which is a charming plan while the sun is in his full power; but when his rays decrease the more air in these hot regions I think the better. But since they have no shade outside their houses at this place, they appear determined to have all they can within!

In former days, I believe, the old Spanish Viceroys disembarked at this port on their way to the capital of Peru! which journey by land might be accomplished in about a fortnight's time.

The riches of this place were formerly proverbial, and often, report says, tempted the cupidity of the old British navigators. When navigation was not so finished a science as it is now, the beating to windward from Payta and from Panama, to Callao and to Valparaiso, was said to be inconceivably slow and difficult.

Near the coast the currents and winds add very greatly to the length of the voyages. It is necessary to sail out to sea, to meet the wind more to the westward; under which circumstances, a good sailer may perform the voyage from Payta to Lima in a fortnight or twenty days.

CHAPTER V.

CHERIMOYAS—LAMBAYEQUE—THE BALSA—ITS USE—NUMEROUS REPTILES AND INSECTS AT LAMBAYEQUE—CURIOUS MOUND-TOMBS—SEPULCHRAL CURIOSITIES FOUND IN THEM—ALLEGED IMITATION OF THEM IN BIRMINGHAM—HUANCHACO—THE PEREMPTORY LADY—DESCRIPTION OF CALLAO—ITS DESTRUCTION A CENTURY AGO—THE FROZEN APPLE.

JUST as we were starting from Payta, I received a splendid basketful of cherimoyas from the British Consul. I was not, of course, able to thank him for his thoughtful courtesy, to my great regret, but we shall stop there again on our return.

These cherimoyas were exceedingly fine, and they are so popular a fruit and have so tempting an appearance, that I am quite provoked with myself for not being able to like them; but such is the case nevertheless.

Our next stoppage was at Lambayeque, where there seemed to be neither port nor harbour: an apparently miserable assemblage of huts and hovels, with a very few houses of higher pretensions, stood on the beach: this is the landing-place for Lambayeque, the town itself of that name being about seven miles in the interior.

The little village on the beach is exposed to the mighty swell of the mile-long waves of the Pacific, that rise far away at sea into huge rolling billows, and then tower into foamy-crested and mountainous breakers, which plunge down on the trembling shore, after a terrific sweep, in surges of long-resounding thunder.

Here, as well as at Payta, they make use of that singular and useful contrivance, the balsa, which is a large pile of logs of some light and suitable wood, crossing and re-crossing each other in layers, and very strongly lashed together. These are secure even in the midst of the mighty waves of the Pacific, when tremendous billows and sweeping surges beat around them, and vast walls and precipices of water threaten, as they roll on with fearful force, to whelm and engulph them. If by

any accident the lashing should give way, they are instantaneously lost. Of course there are times when not even the balsa can pass the formidable breakers.

Payta is warranted to be free from reptiles and insects, and from all accounts, they must have transferred themselves and their always large families to Lambayeque, which is said to swarm with them. There is one creature, called the salamanchaca, the bite of which is described as being extremely venomous and dangerous.

Near Lambayeque, it is stated, there are several of those curious mound-tombs of the ancient Peruvians, in which are ordinarily found numbers of those variously-shaped hollow vases and vessels denominated "huacos." These huacos are generally formed into uncouth representations of human beings, animals and reptiles; and the acts and occupations of ancient Indian life are shadowed forth quaintly on them very frequently. They were for the use of the departed.

The greater part of them are constructed of a black earth; but some—no doubt from

the tombs of their chiefs—are of silver, and even of gold. Most of them have apertures, which, upon applying the lips to them firmly, and blowing into them, produce a whistling and very strange sound. It is also said, if you put them on the fire, when they are thoroughly heated, they will send forth a sweet and melodious tone; but people do not like experimentalizing thus on them, for fear the poor superannuated musical-boxes should break.

It is necessary to be very careful of whom you purchase these sepulchral curiosities, I am informed, as the eager demand among travellers and visitors, and even among residents, especially those from the United States and Europe, for these archæological treasures has been the cause of their being pretty successfully imitated, it is rumoured, in—Birmingham, that toy-shop of two worlds! (and which appears anxious for the custom of the Elysian fields to boot). If any one is anxious to procure the real article, he must pay a visit to the old burial mounds, or depute some trustworthy friend or acquaintance so to do.

In the inland town of Lambayeque, the

market is supplied, I hear, with exquisite white grapes, as well as a variety of other fruits. A curious currency appears by some late accounts to be in use at Lambayeque—no other than eggs, which freely circulate as small coin; not a pleasant coin to put in your pockets, I should think, however agreeable that operation may be in general.

There, as in other places in Peru, the inhabitants are fond of quaffing a refreshing beverage, called chicha. They have other contrivances, I believe, besides the balsa* for passing the tremendous surf of the Pacific: at these places the inflated hides of animals are used for this purpose frequently, and called "cavallos;" but I fancy this requires a person much experienced in the practice.

We went from Lambayeque to Huanchaco: the coast there was very wild and rocky, and scarcely a trace of man's habitation or handiwork was to be seen in any direction. But among the bold, rugged rocks, in face of the

* Some of the balsas have a rough mast, supporting a square-sail.

majestic Pacific Ocean, rose, alone apparently, shedding a heavenly halo over the great solitude, a little Christian church! This being elevated on a peak of rock, was visible when the town or village it belonged to was hidden.

We proceeded from thence to Casma, which I thought very charmingly situated; and then, after a short delay, came on to Callao. At one of the intermediate ports, I forget which, several Peruvian ladies came on board, their diminutive feet *chaussé'd* with the prettiest little white satin boots imaginable, almost large enough for an English doll! Their toilet in general for the voyage was such as in London might be worn at a *matinée musicale* or a very brilliant breakfast at Chiswick, or perhaps even at the Opera, save the lovely mantilla, undulating so gracefully over their luxuriant death-black locks.

I saw one lady who came in one of the native boats with a great many rowers; she was superbly dressed, and appeared to be a person of great distinction there; she was excessively indignant at the difficulties that presented themselves in the way of her getting on board the

steamer: the unfortunate craft she was in was plunged and tossed about like a shuttlecock in convulsions by the restless waves; but she scolded the boatmen in the most stentorian of tones, and stamped her little Lilliputian white satin foot in a perfect fury. They seemed to be straining every nerve to obey her reiterated and imperious directions, but in vain; and she grew more and more angry with them. She completely ignored the sweeping Pacific, apparently resolved to consider the stupidity of the boatmen the sole and single cause of her not reaching the deck of the 'Bolivia' immediately. Supported by two retainers, for she chose to stand up, she continued to give her commands more and more peremptorily,—what a Lady of the Lake or the Ocean was she! They made a desperate attempt; and the bounding canoe shot up against us with terrific force. I expected with horror to see canoe, boatmen, and lady all struggling in the waves; but no—the little white satin feet were at last seen triumphantly rushing up the ladder as if they had been seven-leagued boots, instead of those baby-shoes! The old blood of Castile and Leon must have

stirred in that little form: she looked as if she would have commanded the very elements.

We arrived at Callao at last, and one of the first sights that struck our eyes was an English man-of-war, the 'Dædalus,' the ship from whence the supposed sea-serpent was seen, some time ago. Since that she has been re-commissioned. Captain W—— came on board the steamer, and was good enough to offer to take us on shore in his boat.

We accordingly proceeded to Callao with him in a beautiful boat, shortly after. In the harbour were great numbers of merchant-ships—American, Peruvian, and English. I must not omit to mention that the boats of the 'Dædalus' are adorned with a representation of the sea-serpent, in memory of that extraordinary apparition.

Callao is the principal sea-port of Peru. On entering its harbour, you have, on the right hand, to the south, the steepy island of San Lorenzo, bare and rugged, without a leaf or blade on it. In front are the white houses of Callao, and its mouldering, but noble castles; and beyond spreads the verdant plain, towards a

crescent-shaped range of bleak and frowning hills, which enclose this valley of Lurigancho, through which runs the beautiful river Rimac.

Beyond this fertile and smiling valley, to the left of Callao, and at the foot of the swelling mountains, rise the majestic spires and domes of Lima, the City of the Kings, as it was called in past times, "La Ciudad de los Reyes," (it is sometimes now designated as "El cielo de los Mugeres, el Purgatorio de los Hombres, y el Infierno de los Burros.") Above all tower in their ineffable sublimity, the summits of the stupendous Andes, whose cloud-capped, snow-crested peaks are awfully magnificent.

Callao is about six or seven miles from Lima. It is a considerable town in itself. Many foreign merchants reside there; and on all sides you see large flourishing-looking warehouses and stores. At Callao the anchorage is very good, and the waters of the bay are rarely visited by a stormy breeze. There is a very good landing, at an extremely-handsome mole of stone, which is enclosed by a substantial iron railing. All is life, bustle, and activity around you.

Captain W—— drew my attention to many

enormous heaps of corn piled up in the open air, and told me they left them there exposed always to the weather, during every change of the seasons; so dry is the climate, and so remarkable the absence of rain. Great numbers of Lilliputian donkeys were to be seen in all directions, engaged in transporting vast quantities of goods to the various warehouses and stores. A great many rude carts and drays, made of raw hides, also went busily to and fro, loaded heavily with different articles of merchandise.

In addition to the heaps of corn and fine wheat from the flourishing republic of Chili, there were large earthen, picturesque-shaped jars, of an alcoholic spirit, called italia (manufactured at Pisco, a little south of Callao, and said to be very popular here); blocks of salt brought from the Sechura mines, and iron vessels of quicksilver used in the mines for preparing the precious metals. The scene was altogether novel, interesting, and very animated.

Nearly all the dwelling-houses at Callao are one-storied structures (the safest in case of earthquakes): they are generally built of adobes, and with flat roofs. The Old Town of Callao was

completely destroyed by the terrible earthquake of 1746. The ocean, it is said, then receded to an extraordinary distance, and returned again as if with increased force and fury in three successive mountainous waves, which entirely overwhelmed the unfortunate town. One man only, we are told, survived this frightful destruction out of a population of three thousand. His escape was almost miraculous.

He was in a protected situation, in a bastion of the fortress, looking upon the ocean. From this isolated position, he beheld the terrified inhabitants of the town hurry from their endangered houses with breathless precipitation, in the utmost agitation, disorder, and alarm; but ere they could reach any place of greater security, the howling waves of the infuriate ocean, which had previously retired in so extraordinary a manner, returned with the terrific and awful violence I have described, and its tremendous surges swallowed up every inhabitant of Callao, except the trembling wretch in the bastion of the fortress.

Though Callao is now, despite its size, a rather insignificant-looking place, it is thought

by some, that when the ancient Spanish custom, of having the chief towns removed from the ports, shall yield to modern notions of practical utility and convenience, the population and the opulence of Lima will gradually find their way down to this port; and already there are a good many very pretty and well-built houses beginning to rear their loftier fronts among the humble dwellings of the town.

Captain W—— was good enough to write and order a private conveyance for us from Lima, instead of our going in the omnibus, which was very full, as there were a good many passengers for the "Kingly" City. We stood a moment at the door of the house whence the omnibus starts, till we saw our luggage arrive safely, part of which I wished to send on by that conveyance.

They were loading the omnibus, and an unfortunate negro who was standing on the roof of the vehicle, pulling at a rope, to fasten some luggage firmly on the top, lost his balance, or the rope gave way, and he fell back down into the street with great violence. He appeared insensible, and his head seemed much cut. He was im-

mediately taken up and carried, apparently with great care and attention, into the house.

While we were waiting for our *coche*, we were invited to stay in the house of Mrs. M——, the wife of an eminent English merchant of the place, who resides at Callao. It was an exceedingly pretty house; and in that, and the house of the agent of the British Mail Steamer Company, we saw carpets for the first time for many months—very handsome carpets they were too, from England. Mrs. M—— invited us to have luncheon with her. This consisted almost entirely of a great variety of exquisite fruits, and a profusion of cakes.

Among other fruits, there was an extraordinary species of apple, called here the frozen apple. On cutting it in half, the core, and a circular portion of the fruit around it, are like a lump of ice; this is only to be found, we are told, in a particular kind of apple, but yet not all the fruits of this separate species are possessed of this peculiarity.

Mrs. —— has some magnificent old inlaid cabinets, of admirable workmanship, that she bought at Lima, I believe. They reminded me

of some I saw at Sir William Parker's, at Malta, which had been presented to him by the present Queen of Portugal. In the market-place here, under temporary booths, we are told, are stationed numerous venders of *piña*, or iced pine-apple water, ice cream, &c., and of fruits almost endless.

At length our conveyance drew up to the entrance of Mrs. M—— 's charming mansion ; and with much gratitude for her kind hospitality, we took leave of her, and started for Lima.

CHAPTER VI.

SITE OF OLD CALLAO—THE SHOUTING INQUIRER—APPROACH TO LIMA—ABSENCE OF RAIN AT THAT CITY—THE GRACEFUL PERUVIAN COSTUME—THE PONCHO—MALE AND FEMALE EQUESTRIANS—ARRIVAL AT LIMA—THE ASPECT OF THE CITY—MIRADORS—MULTITUDE OF ASSES IN LIMA—LONDON AND LIMA—COSTUMES OF LIMA LADIES—THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIMAC—VENDERS OF CIGARS—THE CORDILLERAS.

On our road to Lima, we saw a monument placed to commemorate the spot where a Spanish vessel of war, a frigate, was deposited, at the time of the memorable earthquake of 1746, by the receding ocean. It is about a mile from the sea-shore. By the way, the present town of Callao is not built on the same spot that the old town stood on before its total destruction. It is more removed from the beach, probably to avoid, on any similar occasion, the terrific

billows that swept away all of the ancient town which the frightful earthquake itself had spared. If I am correctly informed, Old Callao, indeed, was about two miles to the south of the new town.

There is a rather gentle inclination the whole way from Lima to the coast: a great many public carriages, as well as private ones, are constantly running on this road, and I think there is no doubt the railroad will answer here admirably; and I cannot but believe, those who think Callao will take the place of Lima in the future will be mistaken, as the railroad will so materially interfere with such a prospect.

The wealthy merchants will have their magnificent mansions in the city, and their houses of business at Callao: some, if not many, follow this plan now, and with the additional facilities afforded by the railroad, it will become the common custom.

We stopped a short time at a sort of half-way house to rest the horses, of which we had four attached to the carriage; there was an omnibus pausing there likewise, which seemed

to be filled with black people and Indian women, smoking. A man came to ask us if we would alight from the carriage, and he roared and thundered this inquiry (seeing we were foreigners from our wearing bonnets), in a terribly loud voice, determined we should *hear* if we did not understand Spanish, which reminded me of the favourite custom in my own land, of trying to make an unfortunate foreigner understand and learn our language, by the curious process of first depriving him of his hearing; in short, by deafening him with a perfect volley of shouts, as if he were still in his own distant country, and the speaker or shouter in his; and by dint of hollooing, this last hoped to make up for the space that separated them, though it should be from England to Japan. A poor German Prince was found one day in the hall at —— in a state bordering on distraction, with a footman on each side of him hollooing in his ears.

Not very far from here, I believe, there is a chapel, at which the old and new Spanish Viceroys used formerly to meet when a fresh one was appointed, and the successor ar-

rived in Peru to assume the functions of governor.

For the last few miles near Lima the road is delightful, with beautiful gardens on either side of it. What a situation is that of the City of Kings! Surrounded with these luxuriant groves and gardens, out of which tower so magnificently the domes, and cupolas, and steeples of its many noble churches and monasteries, with the boundless Pacific heaving the majesty of its unfathomable waves at the foot of the gracious and throne-like height on which it is elevated, and above all, in *every* sense, the giant grandeur of the awful Andes soaring behind it to the skies crowned with eternal snow, and really looking as if they almost overshadowed and overhung the stately city, for they appear far closer than in reality they are. What a situation it is!

An extraordinary canopy of clouds generally envelopes the highest peaks and summits of these sublime mountains, as if their awfulness would be too overwhelming were they beheld uncovered, and these clouds seem ever to threaten the beautiful Lima with some unheard-of tempest.

Is not Lima the King of Cities as well as the City of Kings? I should unhesitatingly answer yes, had I never seen Mexico and Constantinople.

Notwithstanding the appearance of the thick and sable clouds that hover almost continually over the mighty peaks of the mountains, it is said never to rain at Lima, and thunder and lightning have not ever scared the inhabitants of the plains of Peru. In the mountains, however, fall showers of rain, and occasionally there arise furious hurricanes and tempests. A great deal of dew and of mist in the winter, dropping in the valleys, makes up for the absence of rain; and it is not often the sun is seen, save through a softening veil of vapour. But I cannot corroborate the statements of those who say the sun never shines in Lima, as I have seen it already several times pouring forth its most brilliant beams, but not for any length of time continuously and uninterruptedly. The full glory of his tropical resplendence is in the morning (when he does appear): then gradually grows and gathers around him that floating pavilion of clouds which casts a soft and delightful shadow on the earth.

The approach to the city from the port of Callao is a very wide, handsome road, that runs almost in a straight line; and as you draw near the suburbs of the capital, on each side are to be seen numerous immense remains of fine *haciendas*, which have been deserted during the troublous times of civil war and revolution, and still-inhabited villas and cultivated grounds and gardens.

Olive-trees and aloes grow along the sides of the road. Where there is an interspace between, the gardens and the distant fields are to be seen divided by rude walls of adobes, and irrigated by means of numerous *acéquias*, or small canals, conducting the fertilizing waters of the silvery Rimac.

Still advancing, you find the road alive with busy passengers, and citizens and ladies of Lima, besides droves of beasts of burden, conveying cargoes of merchandise almost continually to and fro. When any specie is thus transported, the train of animals is usually escorted by a small body of negro soldados, carrying lances with a little bright scarlet flag at the end of each.

It is sometimes stated that an enormous

quantity of specie is smuggled away from hence, but I know not whether this is true. We saw a goodly number of equestrians and equestrianesses as we passed along, the former accoutred in the brilliant and graceful Peruvian costume. The poncho, or cloak, is always worn—this I have mentioned before: it has a circular opening for the head of the wearer to pass through, and has generally a gay fringe round the edges. It displays often a great brilliancy and variety of colours; occasionally it is very richly and fancifully embroidered, and sometimes it is of a snowy white, but generally exhibits broad and bright stripes—orange, scarlet, blue, green, or rose-coloured, or variegated combinations of these, and at other times different patterns, gaily intermixed and diversified.

The poncho hangs gracefully over the shoulders, and falls almost down to the knees. It is certainly very picturesque and striking, with the ordinary accompaniments of richly-carved stirrups (which stirrups are usually triangular and rather massive-looking blocks of wood, generally ornamented and tipped with burnished silver), and glittering caparisons for the horse.

However, I do not think the poncho for a single moment can be compared with the far more beautiful and more picturesque Mexican serapé; and the Mexican costume altogether is, I think, very much handsomer. The hats worn here are commonly the white Guayaquil grass sombreros, sometimes with very broad brims, and at other times like small plates; and the windmill-like spurs are perfect masses of heavy metal, very frequently of silver, the enormous rowel standing out four or five inches from the heel, and the spikes being perhaps an inch and a half or more in length.

As for the horsewomen, the greater part of them are peasants (Indian dames, or negresses), who usually ride in cavalier fashion, with an ample balloon-like white muslin dress—which sometimes makes them look like the dome of St. Paul's on horseback—or else the same description of capacious garment in gaudy calico of many colours; a delicate silk stocking and beautifully fitting shoe on a very little foot, which is furnished with a spur, a shawl or fluttering scarf of the most florid designs, and of a hundred hues, an immense Guayaquil hat

with broad streaming variegated ribbons, and coquetish bows on whichever they consider the "congregation side of the head," and with the shining cascade of abundant coal-black tresses, carefully divided on the dark forehead, and hanging down the back in long braided streamers. They generally ride at a quiet little jog-trot butter-and-eggs pace, while the gentleman equestrians dash to and fro at a wild gallop, and make the dust fly merrily.

The verdant and flourishing appearance of the neighbourhood of Lima is a matter of astonishment to the traveller, till the cause of this is known. It is not only the vapours and dews that contribute to this, but the circumstance, that in all the plains in Peru that lie between the Great Cordillera and the Pacific Ocean, the water is found invariably from three to four feet below the surface, thus compensating for the absence of rain by the facilities afforded to irrigation, a practice which was universally resorted to by the ancient Peruvians, and adopted and continued by their Spanish conquerors. The skill of the Indian inhabitants had literally intersected all the cultivated country with the acé-

quias, by which the waters flowing from the mountains are divided and subdivided into almost innumerable little channels for irrigation.

But now about a mile from the capital, our vehicle, rolling amid thick clouds of dust, has arrived at the avenue or Alaméda; and the road runs between straight double rows of tall poplars and willow-trees, with a handsome promenade on each side (furnished with stone benches for all who wish to see omnibuses and donkeys, and enjoy volumes of dust) to the city: from this broad splendid avenue we pass through an arched gateway into Lima: this gateway admits you within a lofty thick wall, which surrounds the city entirely, and forms its sole defence.

We were in Lima, the capital of Peru!—Peru, whose very name seems like a fairy tale, and to mean a world of gold and silver and precious stones. The land of the magnificent Children of the Sun, the stately Incas, who could offer a hall piled with gold as a ransom; whose Spanish Viceroys, in later days, on state occasions, walked on pavements of solid silver! Away we rattled

to the French hotel to which we had been recommended, but not on silver pavements, nor very praiseworthy stone ones.

The houses in Lima are, I think, handsome. They frequently consist only of one story (on account of repeated earthquake visitations), though there are many exceedingly fine ones with two stories; but these have very often a deserted air, and are out of repair and dilapidated, in consequence of having been abandoned by their original owners, who took alarm at their loftiness and supposed insecurity—and they now are sometimes tenanted by poorer families. There are, however, very many exceptions to this rule.

The houses in general are surmounted with a flag-staff; they have, I think, a remarkably Moorish air, and I was much struck with the resemblance of their very peculiar balconies to those I remember so well at Valetta, in Malta; although these at Lima are very much longer and larger altogether; indeed, I have lately seen some that form spacious apartments in themselves, beautifully furnished carpeted, and decorated. But I will briefly describe them.

You must imagine long lines, all along the fronts of the houses, of enormous verandahs of wood, many projecting very far over the foot-pavements, from the second stories of the houses (which are called "altos" here). The lower part, probably to the height of three feet, or thereabouts, is entirely closed up along the extended front, and at different parts and at the two terminations this immense, covered wooden balcony is supported on far-projecting beams, with sculptured and variously-shaped ends, while from the enclosed portion to the roof are long, light shutters of lattice-work (or glass windows), which are depended, and swung from hinges at the top: if these are required to be open, there is, I think, a long, hooked bar, by which they can be fastened, and kept wide open; but, occasionally, the head is used by the fair Peruvians instead, who, with their arms resting on the light, wooden wall of the lower part of the balcony, keep back with that graceful mantilla'd head the light shutters. If the head is pushed out far enough, of course, all in the street on all sides is visible; but if the Señora objects to this, and is tired of the front

scene, she has only to walk to either end, and take a complete side view.

Most of these "miradors" are furnished with glass windows now, but I believe this has only been done lately. These capacious verandahs are not very unlike gigantic and enormously lengthened out opera-boxes, from which the spectator may observe all that the street presents of a "spectacle;" and the very large and handsome ones, provided with delicate mats, or many-patterned carpets, and furnished with chairs and cushioned sofas, form a kind of conservatory-balcony, where the bright human flowers of beautiful Peru, guarded and shielded from wind and mist-like dews, may smile (and sometimes—smoke!) in all security and in peace.

The houses in Lima have large court-yards; those in the more distinguished of them, are quite little plazas in themselves—but I will say more of them presently.

We rattled noisily up to the great double-gates of the large French hotel, after passing through a number of busy, populous-looking streets, and soon after took possession of an apartment, which, rather to our disappoint-

ment, did not look on the street, so that we found ourselves in a large saloon, verandahless and windowless. When the great gate-like doors, that open on a very broad and uncovered kind of semi-patio of stone, which has a staircase ascending from the lower court-yard (for this hotel has two stories, and we are in the "alto"), are closed, we have no light, except from a small "claraboya," or skylight, which shuts or opens by means of long ropes, hanging down into the room. The bed-rooms have small windows looking on the stone-paved corridor, and down upon the court-yard, which court-yard is a thoroughfare.

The immense arched gateway that leads to it in front, opens first into a broad covered passage way, which in most houses is decorated with some arabesques or with a gaudy painting on either side, representing a variety of subjects, often scriptural, but occasionally mythological. Ours is, pleasantly enough for us, occupied on one side by the ample stall of a female fruit-vender, who has always a most abundant provision of delicious fruits, and who sits there from earliest dawn, I believe, to "dewy eve"—

very dewy are generally the eves in rainless Lima.

Without meaning any bad compliment to the inhabitants of this grand old capital, I am constrained to say, I think I never saw or heard so many asses as in Lima: their name is legion, and they bray with a hundred-donkey power. We are anxious to see the gentle Llamas, but it is said they very rarely come into the city. There are hosts of convicts here, and very villanous-looking ones. Notwithstanding dilapidation, donkeys and convict gangs, however, Lima is a very charming place on the whole; not gay and glittering as the Havana, nor beautiful and enchanting as Mexico, but with a thousand peculiarities and glories of her own, besides her majestically superb situation. Lima is like nothing but Lima, and as unlike all our mostly commonplace, though wealthy, and utterly civilized European cities as it is possible to imagine anything to be! Herculaneum, hoisted above-ground, might in some few particulars partially resemble it. Yet no; it would not!

Ideal cities of half-destroyed *châteaux d'Espagne* would be most like it!

I cannot help smiling to think of good-humoured Madame J——, at Panama, who knew but two great cities, London and Lima, and was perpetually talking of the two together, as if they were the Siamese twins of towns. "Ah, at London and Lima I used to go to shops and buy so and so; there's none here;" and, "But at London and Lima they do this and that;" or, "When one is at Lima and London it is easy to find such and such things." And the difference is so ludicrously vast—they are such complete architectural antipodes to each other, and such antipodes in everything else.

Lima, which, besides its stately title of the City of Kings, was called proudly the City of a Thousand Towers and of a Hundred Gates, as if it were a nobler Spanish Thebes, is certainly quite the city of churches, steeples, domes, towers, palaces (in decay), verandahs, colonnades, piazzas, porticos, patios, corridors, balconies, quadrangles, galleries, lattices, frescoes, arabesques, vestibules, cowled

priests, ponchoed cavaliers and saya-y-mantoed ladies.

I dare say the reader may have seen engravings of the latter extraordinary costume of the Lima ladies, which is now very considerably modified, and instead of looking as if they were walking about in elastic, closely-fitting, upright coffins, which they must formerly have had the appearance of doing, they look like very graceful ladies, floating along in an atmosphere of encircling black silk, and closely masked, only showing one bright black eye, as if they were so many fair Cyclopesses.

I know not how it is, but something in the arrangement of this cloaking veil always makes it appear to me as if the eye was in the middle of the cheek. In coming back from Mrs. A——'s, the other day, we missed the turning into our street, and I asked one of these "Tapadaes," as they are called, the way; and while she was courteously telling me, I tried to ascertain what it was that gave it, to me at least, that peculiar appearance. Perhaps it may be partly the extreme fulness of their flashing eyes, that makes the size of the suppressed

(and perhaps somewhat *com*pressed) nose seem less, and the exposed eye more prominent, and level with that feature—but I could not make it out satisfactorily at all.

The English Minister, and Mrs. A——, are particularly kind and amiable to us. Mrs. A—— is a truly charming person. How I envy the exceeding fluency and correctness with which she talks Spanish. She took us out for a drive yesterday, and we were perfectly enchanted with the views in the vicinity of Lima, and with the town itself.

We crossed a very striking and picturesque stone bridge, thrown across the sparkling Rimac, to go to one of the Alamédas. This bridge is old, having been built in 1610. The carriages enter it by a broad arch across the centre of the street, and there are two lesser arches crossing the two side pavements. Lofty, handsome carved turrets and spires surmount these noble arches, and give the bridge a very imposing effect. They say every stone in this *puente* has been loosened by the dreadful earthquake. The river Rimac dashes boldly and brightly along over a rocky and rugged bed.

This bridge joins the main portion of Lima to the surburb of San Lazaro, which would otherwise be separated from the principal part of the city by the river: it appears a very busy and animated thoroughfare.

There are recesses, semi-circularly shaped, with stone benches, that open from the wide promenades along the bridge, and where often rests the visitor to Lima, gazing on the throngs that pass ceaselessly by, characteristically attired, and intent on their various errands of business or recreation Beside him, perhaps, are several fair Limanians, in saya-y-manto, or dandy citizens, star-gazers on the one brilliant orb—that eye which is peeping out like a planet from many sable clouds.

Near the entrance to this old, solid, yet fantastic bridge, are stationed sometimes venders of cigars. An old man, I have heard, sells here the cast-off stumps of these articles, arranged neatly on a tray.

The view from this bridge is exceedingly lovely. If the eye travels down the silvery road of the river, its left bank is beheld richly embel-

lished by the luxuriant gardens of magnificent old convents, and of the splendid mansions of the Peruvian *millionnaires*. The view ends with the Pacific! Then, if the glance is turned in the opposite direction, we scan the broad, verdant avenues of the lovely Alaméda del Acho; and beyond, the shadowy groves and gardens of the valley, and the glistening turrets of the Pantheon; the entire exquisite scene being bounded by that lower range of mountains which encloses the charming green valley of the Rimac.

But the view beyond this is sublime indeed: the higher range of the glorious Cordilleras, when the clouds admit of that majestic sight, are seen, with their indestructible diadems of perpetual snow towering on high, mountain behind mountain, summit above summit, crests gleaming between crests, and peaks soaring beyond peaks; an untrodden, undesecrated world between the earth and the spotless skies, shooting up its myriads of rocky spires—like natural conductors of the lightning and storms, as if to interpose that pure and higher part of

creation, fresh as it came from the most awful hand of Omnipotence,—betwixt the wrath of Heaven and the now sullied, blighted lower Earth.

Vain fancies! We have a securer shelter; and where the humblest church lifts up the lowliest spire (as some eloquent writer once said), there is a better conductor of that awful lightning of wrath from our wretched heads, and from our fallen world!

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT PLAZA—THE CATHEDRAL OF LIMA—THE STREETS OF THAT CITY—THE SILVERSMITHS—THE BELLS OF LIMA—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS—CHURCHES AND CONVENTS—HANDSOME HOUSES—PALACES OF THE PAST—GROTESQUE PAINTINGS—WELL-APPOINTED CARRIAGES—THE LIMANIAN BEGGAR-WOMAN—PARTICULARITIES OF LIMA LADIES' DRESS—THEIR SHOES—M. AND MADAME B——.—THEIR DAUGHTER.

THE Great Plaza, a principal public square in Lima, is extremely handsome. It has a large brazen fountain in the middle, said to be about forty feet high, surmounted with a figure which represents, I believe, the Goddess of Fame bearing aloft her trumpet.

The old palace of Pizarro once stood in this square—on the north side, I am told; but now its place is filled up with a handsome colonnade, which has a great number of shops

and stalls under it. This colonnade forms one side of the Plaza. The first stone of the famous old cathedral, on the other side, was laid by Pizarro, and his bones are said to repose in a vault beneath the sacred edifice.

Some people think the cathedral a huge and clumsy mass of tasteless architecture; but allowing that it has an abundance of defects, architecturally speaking, still there is something about it that is both pleasing and imposing. If you can fancy a gorgeous and fantastic temple in the clouds, when sunset casts its fleeting pomp over the skies, adorned with a thousand strange splendours, you may a little paint it to your imagination. There is a profusion of diversified rich colouring, and a mass of lavish tracery, and curious and quaint decorations on the front of the edifice. I intend to visit the interior before I go from Lima.

There is an ecclesiastical building adjoining the cathedral. It is the Archiepiscopal Palace. The Government House is on another side of the square, and the covered colonnades or portales occupy the remainder. Under the portales, which of course open under their large and

handsome arches to the Great Plaza, are numerous well-supplied fancy shops, and a great deal of exquisite gold and silver embroidery may be seen there. There are excellent "tiendas" (shops) also in the Calle Mercadéres, which is quite a French street, being almost entirely occupied by French shopkeepers. They display a profusion of handsome and excellent goods, of various kinds.

There is another street where the Peruvian silversmiths congregate chiefly, but they do not make much exhibition of their handiwork. The exquisite silver filagree work, however, is most surprisingly beautiful, and most elaborately and delicately wrought; but the specimens of this highly finished workmanship mostly come from the interior, and are made by the Indians.

I never heard anything like the sublime tone of the bells of Lima. It is the profoundest and most majestic sound imaginable, and resounds through the air as if the deep vibrations would dwell there, and brood, and never cease, lengthening and deepening on and on—the most unearthly yet most beautiful music I ever heard. The reason given for this extraordinary

and matchless magnificence of tone, is the enormous quantity of silver in the bells. There was a large proportion originally, and this was added to, I am told here, during the casting of the bell, by devout persons throwing in, as oblations and offerings, almost innumerable silver coins, of divers weights and values. In short, the contents of half a mine of the precious metal almost are suspended in the air.

The great cathedral bell is surpassingly glorious in its unfathomably deep peal of tremulous silver thunder—nay, it seems a thousand thunders rolling afar! But the other bells at Lima are also very rich and harmonious in their sublime tones.

There are several eleemosynary establishments in this city, among which the Foundling Hospital is said to be particularly well managed, and a lunatic one particularly ill. There are a great many handsome churches and convents in Lima, and they are the prominent features in all parts of the city. They are mostly enormous structures, crowned by majestic domes, and towers, and steeples, and displaying on their extensive fronts a perfect labyrinth of elaborate

painting, complicated decorative designs, statuary, and carving.

I hear that some of these immense churches and nunneries, enclose within their widely-extended walls very spacious and superb squares: the convents often have porticos, piazzas, and covered colonnades, beautifully built and finished, and supported one above another on highly-ornamented rows of splendid arches. Their massive walls are wholly covered with richly-figured glazed porcelain and fresco paintings, their roofs artistically adorned and carved, and contiguous to them, or even *within* their vast encircling walls, are exquisite gardens of the richest shrubs, and plants, and flowers, with gushing fountains and shadowy walks, from which the busy world is shut out, and where contemplation may dwell undisturbed. I hear that the orders in Lima are exceedingly strict, and that generally no women even are admitted into the principal nunneries.

We have seen here very handsome streets, and some regal-looking old houses. Some of the most splendid, we were informed, are now subdivided and let to a number of families in

indifferent circumstances—in fact, forming a little town in themselves. Still as we drove by and caught a casual glimpse through their enormous gateways,—their gigantic fountained court-yards, their superb piazzas, and the remains of former gilding, and painting, and elaborate carving, and various showy and costly, though mouldering adornments, made those palaces of the past look like genii structures of the Land of Faery and sorcery, under some evil enchanter's gloomy thrall and desolating spell. They are not in what is now considered the fashionable part of Lima. In the generality of houses here, beneath the covered verandahs, there usually is a broad and handsomely-paved entrance to the court-yard, through massive and exceedingly high double gates (which are thickly studded over with strong brazen knobs).

Around this ample court the house is built, and in those that are constructed of two stories, the stables, apartments for domestics, store-rooms and offices open on this court-yard, and are on the same level with it. From thence ascends a flight of broad stairs to the vast galleries above, leading to the different suites

of apartments occupied by the various members of the family, the great salas, or reception-rooms, &c.

The entrance is frequently a little shorn of its grandeur and imposing effect by having shops built along it; but when it is not thus disfigured, the line of the street is divided from the court-yard by a thick, lofty wall. The immense gates open into a wide covered passage-way of some length, which is adorned commonly on both sides with frescoes. The window-sills in the court-yards are usually gilt in the houses of the wealthy, which, with the bright-coloured jalousies, give them a gay appearance.

Occasionally, the handsomest and principal part of the stately mansion crosses the court, exactly opposite to the entrance. The whole of this portion of the building is then adorned by a noble portico, and the front of the mansion is decorated by elaborate iron open-work, brilliantly gilt or bronzed over, and presenting a very rich appearance. These houses have ordinarily only one story, and have rooms of very great height and vast size. At the back of

this principal or central portion of the house is another lesser court-yard, called the "traspatio;" it is a sort of kitchen and servants' court-yard.

On driving on the Alaméda the other day, we observed a large wall, built along one side of the tree-shaded promenade, and covered all over with grotesque-looking paintings, the colour of which seemed as fresh and bright as if just done. I did not examine it closely enough to see accurately the subjects, as we dashed rapidly on, drawn by Mrs. A——'s beautiful and spirited horses; but I imagine it to be one of which I have read a description, and which is called by the natives, "El mundo al revez," where the system of nature is entirely reversed, and dogs are hanging their masters; horses riding on men's backs; and some of the finny tribe, represented standing a-tail-tip, with fishing-rods in their mouths, angling for *ci-devant* gentlemen-sportsmen who are seen nibbling at the bait! In short, all is almost in as great a state of confusion and disorder, as if the whole world, instead of a part, had suddenly become French or Irish, and were altering everything to their hearts'

content; for even themselves, must and do own, that while among the noblest people on the earth, they are certainly the fondest of change and excitement.

In driving through the streets here, we often meet handsome and well-appointed carriages; some remarkably so. We saw a really splendid one the other day, with beautiful horses, that might have been transported to Hyde Park, and admired there. The ladies occupying it were all in Parisian bonnets. I thought they were foreigners. Alas! no; they were Limanians; and they had deserted thus the loveliest of all head-dresses,—their own matchless mantillas. The saya-y-manto we see, by the way, worn almost in its original quaintness and eccentricity, by an old beggar-woman, who comes sometimes to the great gates of our sitting-room while we are at breakfast, and asks for money, bread, milk, clothes, anything—everything.

She has never favoured us with a sight of more than her one eye, holding her veil over her face with as much care (before only V—— and me) as I once saw a Turkish beggar-woman

bestow upon her coarse yashmack, who when we offered her half a handful of small coins if she would drop her yashmack, indignantly refused, and marched away with the step of an insulted queen.

We should not have guessed the mendicant "tapada" was old but from her shrivelled hands, and quavering, cracked voice, so well disguised was she. We were told she had formerly been tolerably rich, but had been reduced by different misfortunes. Her once handsome saya-y-manto was not exactly tattered, but the rich black satin had lost its lustre, and grown dingy with age. The saya is a silken or satin petticoat, stitched neatly in very narrow plaits, and thickly quilted and lined. This used to cling like a web of wax around the form; but now, fitting at the waist, it hangs in full folds down to the satin-slippered feet.

This petticoat, formerly, I believe, was almost uniformly black, but in these days (though frequently it is still of sable hue) it is very often blue or brown.

The manto is a black silk veil, of impenetrable thickness, drawn up from under the

waist of the silken saya, and gracefully gathered over the shoulders and head as a sort of hood, very much resembling the Maltese faldetta (and no doubt both have originated from Moorish costume and customs), though so much more concealing the face. All the upper part of the form is thus closely covered and disguised, except the one eye. One hand is occupied in holding this manto firmly across the masked face, and the other from time to time may possibly be allowed to pass through a little opening in the manto, more especially if its fair owner considers it deserving of admiration, and if its small fingers are enriched with sparkling jewels.

The embroidered ends of a many-coloured scarf or shawl are permitted to pass through this same opening, generally fringed and flowered. All wear satin shoes and silk stockings, even those in the most tattered, worn-out habiliments. We are told, that the extravagance formerly shown in this article of dress was very great. If a more than usual quantity of dewy moisture had made the streets of the capital as muddy as if a heavy shower of rain had fallen (and this is not

unfrequently the case), the ladies would immediately eagerly hasten to make their appearance in the most delicate new white satin shoes, which of course could never be worn again; hoping that by speedily "making hay while the sun shone" (a very inappropriately quoted proverb!), in the morning they might have the good fortune to spoil entirely one exquisite pair of *zapatos de raso*, in the afternoon they might possibly have the superlative felicity (if the inexorable climate did not cruelly disappoint them by drying up the moisture) of destroying another pair, and in the evening even of severely damaging a third.

This refinement of luxury is now rather out of fashion, and the Lima ladies are no longer such empresses of all the Russias, with regard to their *chaussure*. The reader knows, perhaps, that the fair Czarina never wears a dress twice.

Mr. P——, the English clergyman here, called to-day, with his very amiable wife; and also Mrs. B—— (the wife of one of the English merchant-princes here), who is extremely agreeable and pleasing. The next apartments to

ours are occupied by a French lady and gentleman, M. and Madame du C——. M. du C—— had the misfortune to break his arm, by a fall from his mule, in crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and he has never recovered it. He is chief Secretary, I believe, to the French Legation here ; but as his right arm has suffered, and as the same arm was unfortunately injured seriously some time previously to this disaster in a duel, it is feared he will have to resign his situation, and return to France. They have a little fair-haired, smiling daughter, who is a wonderful contrast to the dark-eyed natives, as they pass to and fro.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIGNAL INSTANCE OF THE HEROISM OF A LADY—THE PROCESSION OF THE ORAÇION—A LOTTERY IN THE GRAND PLAZA—HOW CONDUCTED—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS—CHORILLOS—THE SALE OF "ALMAS," OR SOULS—THE PUBLIC MUSEUM—PORTRAITS OF THE SPANISH VICEROYS—MUMMIES OF PERUVIAN INCAS—BEAUTIFUL STUFFED BIRDS—MANCO CAPAC—WHO WERE THE FIRST INCAS?—THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN—PROGRESS IN CIVILIZATION OF OLD PERU.

We are still at Lima, waiting for the steamer.

The other day I had a visit from an English lady, residing here now, who has exhibited such heroism and presence of mind as perhaps hardly any one ever displayed before, under such peculiarly trying circumstances. It appears that the ship she came out in was commanded

by a very incompetent, inexperienced, and weak-minded Captain, quite unfit for the situation, and always intoxicated, till at last he became wholly and utterly incapable of managing the ship. Mrs. S—— was in deep mental affliction at the time, but unhesitatingly (finding there was no one in the vessel who could take the command) assumed the responsibility of navigating the ship herself. Every one knows how difficult the navigation in going round Cape Horn is, yet this skilful and strong-minded lady succeeded in bringing the ship safely to Lima, assisted only by a very youthful nephew.

It might be imagined a person who could act thus would be masculine, and rough, perhaps, in deportment and manner. Nothing of the kind. This lady is eminently feminine, has a very mild and sweet expression of countenance, and is particularly gentle and pleasing. She never alludes to the subject herself; but I could not resist one day asking her a little about it, though fearful of awakening melancholy recollections in her mind.

She spoke with the utmost modesty of her own wonderful performance; and said, in speak-

ing of her arrival at Lima (where she came to rejoin her husband, who had left England previously,) that, though deeply grateful to a merciful Providence for having so graciously protected her and her children, yet this was, perhaps, the most painful moment of her life.

I mentioned that at the time she took the command of the ship she was in deep grief: she had just lost an adored child, a little daughter, who had gradually faded and sunk from the time of their quitting the English shores. On their arrival at Callao, she and her children were on deck, anxiously looking for the husband and the father; but she knew he would miss the one lost treasure; and when she saw him earnestly gazing with growing anxiety, deepening fast into sorrow and terror, as he scanned the diminished group, she felt her heart oppressed almost to breaking within her.

The sweet simplicity and tenderness with which she related these touching circumstances were most winning—most interesting: how evident was it that that noble heart, undaunted amid terrible dangers, was one of the softest and warmest that ever beat in a woman's bosom! This affecting tale has made a deep

impression in Lima. No wonder! How often has conduct not half as extraordinary and sublime been lauded to the skies! What true courage was that she displayed in conduct which demanded so much energy, so much promptitude, decision and self-reliance, and self-forgetfulness, too!

As we sit in our claraboya'd drawing-room here, we hear frequently a bell ringing in the court-yard just below, which is a thoroughfare. It is the Host being carried to some sick person. The sound of the bell is usually accompanied by a lugubrious and rather monotonous chant. If in the evening, a number of attendants (often Indians or negroes) generally carry lanterns, and walk on either side of the procession. The priest, bearing his sacred charge, walks between these rows of lights; a canopy is borne over his head by four boys, and a crowd of people sometimes follows the procession. Every person remains uncovered while it passes, and upon their knees.

There is one moment here, as in most of the South American countries and cities, very impressive, fugitive as it is—it is the moment of the Oraçion, when the great cathedral bell

turns all the air to a most heavenly thunder-music. Then every hat is reverentially lifted, and every lip seems to tremble with a whispered word of prayer; then the parent lays an affectionate hand on the little child's bowed head; and all seem, for one brief moment, raised from earth, its cares, and business and interests. Even the lottery-man, who was hollooing "Suerte, suerte!" stops at the unfinished word, and suddenly pulls up his curvetting voice on its haunches! Soon 'tis o'er; and the bells ring again—again—a joyous peal. But, impressive as this looks to a stranger, there is too much reason to fear it is a custom only mechanically followed by those who have observed it continually.

We saw a curious sight—to us at least—the other evening, in returning from a drive with Mrs. A——. This was the lottery-drawing, which is very formally conducted, and which takes place in the Grand Plaza, exactly opposite the cathedral. A temporary platform and apartment are erected there, which in front are open to the public. In the forepart of this stage are to be seen several hollow wooden globes, of a large size, painted of a conspicuous yellow colour, and turning on the stands which

sustain them by means of a crank. Into each ball opens a little door, and by the side of each of the globes the different numbers that are to go into it were exhibited on inclined planes, so as to be exposed to the public view: these numbers were painted upon little flat, circular counters.

Behind all this display and array sit three official-looking persons, the judges, grave as an equal number of Lord Chancellors on the wool-sack; then three venerable old gentlemen are seen, who have to turn the aforesaid globes; and there is a triad of little boys (who, we were informed, are orphan children, usually from the Foundling Hospital — a curious education for them—this teaching the young idea how to gamble); and these complete the *dramatis personæ*.

Generally, as the expected hour approaches, the Plaza becomes gradually filled. When we passed through, the crowd was gathered densely around the place where the stage was erected. Armed soldados, shovel-hatted and cassocked priests, friars barefooted, mothers with their children, women in their curious *incognita*, the saya-y-manto, cavaliers, with rattling spurs;

and ragged negroes with glittering teeth; and numbers of eager, staring individuals, in all kinds of dresses, and of many different colours and complexions, stood around.

At the proper moment, the three old Fates who turn the globes, cast the numbers into them, on the one side thousands, on the other tens, and in the middle hundreds. These being rolled backwards and forwards three or four times, the doors are opened at the same moment, and each of the little fellows appointed to the office takes out a number: he does not look at it, but holds it out with outstretched hand to the crowd. Then the boys go up to the table, and display the numbers to the judges, who record them; and having given the proper information to one of the old worthies who turn the wooden globes, he chants it out, and announces the possessor of the prize to the motley assemblage (who are awaiting the decision of fortune) in a sonorous voice.

Then the numbers are put into the globes again, and the self-same process is repeated, till the whole of the prizes have been drawn and disposed of. Then the multitude disperses;

away flit the sayas-y-mantos, perhaps with a tear of disappointment clouding the brilliancy of the one solitary eye; away trot tatterdemalions on teetotaller-like donkeys, who look as if they had abjured not only drinking this or that, but eating and drinking altogether; and off march dingy soldiers, with a fringe of rags, adorning their multiform uniform.

These lotteries belong to a society called the "Beneéficncia," and their profits are bestowed on charitable institutions and hospitals.* The Beneficéncia, I believe, farms the lottery out; and in a single year, the sale of the lottery tickets brought about forty-three thousand dollars. So fond are the Limanians of this species of gambling, that at the shops there are frequently little lotteries and raffles.

Ideas are said to be becoming very much liberalized; and I have heard from good authority that some of the priests even have lately shown a most tolerant and enlightened spirit, and have written and preached in a strain

* There may be educational establishments at Lima, but I know of none.

that evinced an extraordinary change in their once bigoted opinions.

I had a visit to-day from Monsieur and Madame F——, and Mr. and Mrs. W——. Monsieur F—— commands the French squadron in the Pacific, and is at Callao in his fine frigate 'L'Algérie:' he is an exceedingly gentlemanlike and agreeable person, and Madame F—— is very beautiful and pleasing: she is of an Irish family and is the neice of the celebrated Marshal Bugeaud. She was married at Algiers, and now in her husband's noble frigate 'L'Algérie,' she intends to go round the world with him. From hence Monsieur F—— seems to think they will proceed to the Sandwich Islands, and afterwards to China.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. A—— last night. A Peruvian lady and her daughter-in-law came in to visit her; they were dressed much like two Parisians, and with many handsome jewels. The ladies retain their own surname after marriage. They asked many questions relative to Mexico, and were full of grace and intelligence; the younger one spoke French.

We had a charming drive yesterday. The

streets seemed fuller and gayer than usual. The Lima winter is now coming on, and the weather is becoming very cool: the fashionable watering-place, Chorillos, is quite deserted. When Lima and Callao happen to be at war, which is not a very extraordinary circumstance, Chorillos is sometimes used by merchant-ships as a port, in place of Callao. During the bathing season it is said a good deal of gambling goes on there, and heaps of gold load the gambling-tables, and large fortunes are risked and exchanged; but Chorillos is now only tenanted by negroes and native Indians, and Lima is full.

Besides meeting numbers of handsome carriages, we were often in danger of running against large droves of donkeys, who are so loaded and covered with heaps of fire-wood, faggots, and immense bundles of clover, that they look like self-moving stacks, and fill up nearly the whole street. The foot-passengers have to hurry out of their way at the cry of the negro-drivers, who shout "Ciudado," as they drive on their little moving mountains of sticks and grass; then there are various salesmen and saleswomen, the milk-venders and

water-carriers, and all carrying their goods on the backs of donkeys.

At the corners of some of the streets may be seen certain pictorial devices, to hint to survivors and mourners their obligations to those who have gone before them to the grave, and are supposed to be suffering the pains of purgatory. Representations of the head and upper part of the human figure are exhibited, done to the life—or death—surrounded by flames of fire. They call these mournful pictures "Almas," or souls, and they are intended to display the actual state and position of the unassisted and unrelieved departed friends of any of the passers-by who may have neglected this duty.

These unpleasant fancy-portraits might produce lasting uncomfortable impressions if there were not means at hand by which the situation of the persons represented could be ameliorated. Fortunately all this has been considerately taken into account: a small mysterious box stands near for the reception of any sum the survivors may like to introduce into it for the relief of the "Almas."

What crowds in the streets, and what many-

coloured crowds too! The negroes, the Mestizzos, the Indians, Zambos and Cholos, and some of the more humble of the olive-coloured descendants of the old proud race of Castile, all go peaceably donkeying on together, and occasionally a fair North American or Anglo-Saxon, like Mrs. P——, with her blue eyes and light-coloured hair, goes vision-like by. Verily there is a great deal of variety on all sides.

There are so many of our fair countrywomen, and of the lily-browed American ladies to be seen from time to time at Lima, that I think the makers and inserters of dolls' eyes may venture boldly to send some blue-eyed ones to South America. I see the "Morning Chronicle" tells us that none but black-eyed puppets can be imported here, because the black orbs are universally the wear in these regions; so those with azure peepers would be looked upon as unnatural monsters.

We have been to see the Public Museum, which we found interesting. Madame F—— was there, accompanied by one or two of the French officers. In the room you first enter, the eye is struck by a large number of old portraits, the size

of life: these are the likenesses of the forty-five Spanish Viceroys, beginning with the far-famed Pizarro: his countenance was rather striking. They show in the vaults beneath the cathedral, a mouldering corpse, supposed to be that of the Great Conqueror of Peru; but it seems extremely doubtful whether it is so or not.

The Viceroys are dressed in different old Spanish costumes, showing the rise, progress and change of fashions. From black habiliments, with lofty, starched-up ruffs, they advance into rich and flourished embroidery, thickening till it is almost a golden armour. After a while the tide of this lustrous embroidery ebbs a little, and only besprinkles lightly the extreme borders of the vestments.

But there is a more touching and melancholy sight than this to be seen in the Museum. Under cases of glass are placed, in a sitting or crouching posture, certain mummies, exactly as they were taken from their ancient sepulchres. Their legs are crossed and bent; their stiffened arms crossed over their lifeless breasts, with the elbows placed as if resting upon the knees, and the beardless chins are supported

on the hands: their teeth—though some few, if I recollect rightly, are missing—were splendid still—large superb rows of glittering ivory (just what Sir J. C—— would have called a magnificent dinner-set), and a little rusty straggling hair yet adhered to their scalps.

These mummies are asserted to be those of the ancient and much civilized Incas of gorgeous Peru. Well may they grin with that sardonic expression, after all they have witnessed! Since the overthrow of their own noble race, what change, what perplexity, what wars, what dissensions!

But Peru is beginning to feel the vitality of the mighty spirit of the age; and if she, and the other South American countries, can learn in time the difference—the vast difference—between real liberty and licence, all may yet be well with them, and Nature may not in vain have thrown all her choicest treasures at the feet of these, her spoiled children.

There are a great number of huacos (or images) and earthen vases, aboriginal antiquities, and other curiosities taken from the old Indian graves, and some sepulchral vessels of solid gold

and silver, collected here. There is a library in the same edifice, containing nearly thirty thousand volumes, among which are some books of great value. They are exceedingly well arranged.

There were stuffed birds in another room of the museum, to go to which we passed between two of the Indian mummies, who, with their brilliant teeth exposed, seemed grinning with a sort of cadaverous civility, and appeared like mournful guardians of the display of some of the natural glories of their country. Stuffed birds of the most dazzlingly splendid plumage are beautifully arranged here. All the most vivid hues of the rainbow strike the eye, and a few colours, it seemed, over and above that. One bird was quite preternaturally resplendent; its wonderful blaze of feathers seemed like concentrated essence of sapphires, diamonds, carbuncles, and all kinds of precious stones. There were some colossal albatrosses. These enormous birds on the wing must look a little like flying elephants dressed in white muslin.

After spending some time pleasantly in examining the different objects in that interesting room, we took leave of the sumptuous birds

and the preserved Incas, and went to pay one or two visits.

The first of the Incas of Peru we have some slight grounds for claiming as a countryman; and to him Peru owed its prosperity, its remarkable advance in civilization, and the development of its industrial energies.

Before the establishment of that religion, of which Manco Capac was the founder, the Indian tribes of Peru were living in the same state of savage barbarism as the other nations of this race. They subsisted entirely on the products of the chase, and of their rude fisheries: the vanquished, in their sanguinary combats, were torn to pieces by their ferocious enemies when made prisoners. They worshipped the most hideous and hateful animals, and also lightnings, storms, gloomy caverns, and frightful precipices. Sometimes they would kneel in abject adoration before the trunks of giant trees, and at other times fling themselves down in terror-stricken superstition to worship the burning volcanoes, whose raging fury was tearing up the entrails of the earth, and demolishing their fragile altars and false gods.

At length—according to the story, about

eight hundred years ago—a change took place, and a stranger, as they believed, came to them from the sun;—but first let us see what the old Spanish chroniclers say of the name of the country. It is pretended, though it cannot be known with what truth, that the first adventurers having found a native fishing in a river, asked him what the country was called. The terrified Indian, not rightly understanding them, told them "Baru," and "Pelu," the first, it is supposed, being his own name, and the latter the name of rivers in general: the Spanish discoverers compounded these words into the present name of Peru.

It was very difficult for the Spaniards to ascertain who the first sun-worshipping Incas really were. You know that the old native tradition makes the original Inca, Manco Capac, and his sister, and spouse, Oella-huaco, the Children of the Sun. Historians and philosophers, in attempting to discover for them a less supernatural and more probable origin, have hesitated whether to pronounce them natives of Europe or Asia.

Among conflicting opinions, some have be-

lieved them to be descendants of the Scandinavians who first are supposed to have landed on the American Continent in the eleventh century; others again declare them to have been Mongolians of the family of Genghis Khan, brought to this coast by contrary winds and tempests.

Among other stories, the following absurd one is related by some: An Englishman, about eight hundred years ago, was wrecked on the rich coast of Peru: the chief who was then reigning over barbarous hordes of savages there, demanding who he was, was told in answer by the ship-wrecked islander that he was an "Englishman." The Indians repeated the word with a very natural mispronunciation (as the North American Indians are said to have pronounced English "*Yankish*," whence Yankee), "*Incas-man*," and they added to this very politely, Cocapac, or most beautiful, and made altogether Inca-manco-capac. Probably the gentleman who was so complimented by the copper-coloured barbarians, rejoiced in a profusion of sandy hair, unkempt and uncut after his stormy voyage, for his golden, glittering locks made

them think he was born of the sun's fire—he was worshipped accordingly.

Other accounts, which favour the belief that a fair-haired Englishman and his wife were shipwrecked here, state that for a length of time they hid themselves in the mountains, and after a number of years came down to the astonished Indians with their children, whose golden locks flowed luxuriantly down their backs, and proclaimed themselves Children of the Sun, sent by that considerate luminary to reign over them, and teach them many useful arts. They were hailed with reverential joy, and became supreme rulers over the credulous people.

These enlightened chiefs established a firm and stable theocratic autocracy, which bound every individual in the country in the closest (yet not galling) chains; and from whatever source they sprang, there is no doubt that the princely Incas, adored as sacred personages, and obeyed as temporal sovereigns, thoroughly understood the people over whom they reigned, and conferred upon them the inestimable blessings of peace and of civilization. No means were neglected by the Incas which could secure their widely-

spread influence, strengthen their eminent position, and perpetuate their power. Not only their own persons were reverenced, but all that was in any way connected with the sovereign dignity, was held in such religious veneration, that any individual having occasion to visit the metropolitan and imperial city of Cuzco, was under the necessity of making profound obeisances to all those whom he happened to meet coming from it. Notwithstanding that too many highly interesting evidences of the progress the Peruvians made under their energetic masters were ruined and destroyed by the unscrupulous and ruthless invaders, yet enough has remained to bear witness to the wonderful strides that wisely-governed people made in agriculture and political science, in arms, in arts, in architecture and in manufacturing industry.

Defaced though their temples and other noble structures are, still we are told they excite lively admiration, and awaken a pleased astonishment.

CHAPTER IX.

MANCO CAPAC AND HIS WIFE—THEIR INSTRUCTION OF THE PERUVIANS—OLD PERUVIAN ROADS—BULL-FIGHTS AT LIMA—MODE OF CONDUCTING THEM—SPECTATORS AT THEM—LIMANIAN LADIES—BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF PERUVIAN ART AND INGENUITY—SILVER ORNAMENTED FRUITS—LIMA BURIAL PLACES—THE AMANCAES—THE FIESTA OFST. JOHN—THE VALLEY OF AMANCAES—THE FLOWER OF THAT NAME—THE STREETS OF LIMA AFTER THE FIESTA—CONCERTS GIVEN BY A FRENCH LADY—FRUITS OF LIMA—THE GRENADILLA—"ITALIA"—CUSTOM OF WASHING PLATES BY THE LOWER ORDERS IN LIMA—THE GORGONIAN SERVANT—"HUACOS" AND OTHER CURIOSITIES FOUND IN PERUVIAN SEPULCHRES—THE "SENORITA"—A GARDEN IN THE SUBURBS—ITS NUMEROUS TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS—ENERVATING CLIMATE OF LIMA.

I SHOULD like much to go to Cuzco, but I fear it would be too fatiguing a journey for my little girl.

Probably the most striking vestiges of the civilization of the ancient inhabitants of the country are to be found there. Manco Capac, the First Inca, taught the Indians to plough, to

sow, and also to irrigate the fields, which so greatly contributed to the fertility of the land. His thrifty Queen Consort, the fair Daughter of the Sun, did not disdain to instruct the female part of the population in the simple arts of spinning, carding wool, and making clothes for themselves and their husbands and children! The rude altars erected to the savage beasts of the field in the forests were demolished; the chase, as a means of subsistence, was abandoned; the earth was carefully cultivated, and peace and content smiled over the now fruitful and happy land. The worship of the sun was made the ruling spirit of all their institutions.

These people were ignorant of the art of writing, but they skilfully preserved the memory of particular events by bold paintings, and by knotted cords of a variety of colours, in which latter art they were singularly expert and showed great ingenuity. They constructed remarkably fine roads: the route from Quito to Cuzco was five hundred leagues in length, and there was another of the same extent that traversed the lower country, nearer to the ocean.

In addition to these were a great number of other roads, intersecting the empire of the Incas in all directions. These roads are described to be of peculiar construction, and must have demanded much labour. They were raised terraces of earth, generally about forty feet broad, filling up the hollows of the valleys, and forming a regular level way. At intervals along these superb roads were to be seen stately temples, hospices and Peruvian caravansaries (open at all times and seasons to wayfarers and travellers), arsenals, fortresses and villages.

It is impossible not to feel indignant at reading the recital of the barbarous conduct of the old Spaniards towards this noble, civilized and inoffensive people. A late Spanish writer has ingeniously attempted (while acknowledging the melancholy facts, which he candidly confesses are too clearly substantiated for him to dispute,) to prove that these black deeds were the crimes of the Age, and not of the Spanish Nation. There is undoubtedly some truth in this, but not quite so much, it is to be feared, as the accomplished author would fain himself evidently believe.

I should perhaps have been tempted for once to go to a bull-fight here, but none have taken place since we have been sojourning at Lima. They are said to be very superior to those at Havana, which are miserable, and only attended by the lowest of the populace; horses of the most wretched description, quite broken down, and staggering from weakness, alone being used there, and the whole spectacle painful and horrible. In Havana, the *élite* of society are too fastidious and refined to tolerate bull-baiting; here, on the contrary, it is generally allowed to be brilliant and well-appointed, for all Lima attends it; and for a few days before it actually takes place, the excitement and state of joyous anticipation into which the Peruvian capital is thrown, is described as being intense.

On the morning of the gala day, a gay procession parades all the principal streets of Lima, exhibiting to the admiring gaze of the multitude the splendid equipments by which the victims are to be adorned when they make their appearance in the ring, and also displaying, for the inspection of the curious, some of the ingenious instruments by which the poor crea-

tures are to tormented. This procession is accompanied by a band of music, ordinarily consisting of some decrepid clarionets and valetudinarian flutes and flageolets, in various states and stages of infirmity, and one or two superannuated drums.

After these, are borne, stretched out on ornamented frames, the rich coverings of gaudy silk, all glittering with spangles, and foil and tinsel, which are to be thrown on the backs of the bulls; then come, attached to poles, carried by boys, the short, sharp spikes which are intended to be thrust into the bodies of the enraged animals. Each of these is brilliantly decorated with fanciful figures of various kinds, cut out in gilt and bright-coloured paper, and ingeniously enveloped in light, airy, net-work balloons. Following these, come the most prominent objects of the procession—three or four figures of the size of life, or larger, which are carried high above the heads of the gaping crowd.

These enormous puppets or images are hollow, and are formed of reeds, with an outward covering of painted paper, and contain a quantity of explosive fireworks. These figures are

placed in the arena, and of course are attacked by the bull, and by their explosions, help to increase his rage and fury. Sometimes a negro or mulatto is represented in an absurd attitude, and ridiculously accoutred; sometimes an English cottage-girl, such as you see in old prints, in the pretty costume of past days, with a gipsy bonnet on her head, and a flower-basket on each arm; and occasionally a London or Parisian dandy is exhibited, preposterously caricatured. They sometimes put dwarfs in little pits in the ring, with enormous head-dresses of red and yellow feathers: the feathers dip and disappear when the bull rushes at them, to his great surprise.

Thus are the people wound up to a proper pitch of enthusiastic expectation; and when the day comes, all is animation and delight. The vast uncovered amphitheatre where the bull-fights take place, is at the farthest extremity of one of the Alamédas. It is surrounded with a vast number of boxes and benches, and is capable of accommodating, with comfort and security, many thousand persons.

In the middle of the arena there is a little

enclosure of posts. This enclosure is of a circular shape, and the posts are near enough together to prevent the entrance of the bull; while a man, if in imminent danger, can with facility introduce himself between them, and there remain in safety.

When the time approaches for the exhibition, the populace, in dense multitudes, stream towards the amphitheatre, along the beautiful "Alaméda del Acho," beneath whose over-shadowing trees the Indian female stall-keepers sell "picanté," and "chicha," and the native brandy, "pisco."

Ladies are seen rapidly dashing past in their handsome "berlinas," or "volantas;" cavaliers go caracoling along on their fiery steeds, which are decked out with silver-embossed and glittering trappings; and the huge amphitheatre is soon overflowingly crowded with spectators of all ages, sizes, classes and colours, and with a fair sprinkling of inquisitive visitors from distant countries, too; and the boxes are resplendent with thousands of bright eyes, and vividly-coloured shawls, and with the rich gold-embroidered uniforms of military officers.

Some saya-y-mantos appear among the lovely

crowd of Señoras; the open benches are filled with Indians, negroes, soldiers, peasants, zambos, cholos, &c. Three of four bulls are generally sacrificed, and then the sport terminates; and the crowd—of course greatly edified—wend their way back again to their splendid mansions in the capital, or their rustic "chacras" (Indian cottages) in the neighbouring hamlets.

We dined again with Mr. and Mrs. A——, whose kind and friendly attentions to us are unceasing. After dinner, a Limanian lady came in, who seemed a highly refined and sensible person, and who is considered one of the most accomplished and intellectual of the ladies in this capital. Her complexion was extraordinarily dark; so that indeed I took her at first for an Indian. She is a person of much distinction, and of pure Castilian descent, I believe.

We had several opportunities of seeing the ladies of the country at Mrs. A——'s little *soirées*: they have generally glorious eyes, and their skins are not darker than those of Spanish women. On Sunday, after the service at the little English chapel of the Legation, a number of mantilla'd Peruvian ladies came to pay the fair mistress of the mansion a visit. Among them

were two Guayaguil ladies, both very handsome, with very delicate, and exquisitely fair complexions, extremely regular features, and eyes like black suns—if such a simile may be allowed. Their manners were as prepossessing as their appearance.

Mr. Yates, an English gentleman from Liverpool, who is acquainted with one of my brothers, called the other day, and brought a large number of beautiful specimens of Peruvian art and ingenuity, to show us. Quantities of dried fruit were amongst the articles; these were most fantastically decorated and framed with sparkling silver; some so delicately done, that the still naturally-coloured fruit seemed to be embossed with glittering drops of the diamond-dew of morning. Mr. Yates is going to send these curiosities to his daughter in England: he is married to a Danish lady, whom he first met at Lima. He is here now on business of importance, which is under the consideration of Congress at present.

The silver-ornamented fruits I have described, it is customary for persons in society to present to one another on feast days, and

occasions of rejoicing, a pretty and graceful little attention. The most elaborately-wrought specimens are usually made by the nuns. Among other things, were some exquisitely-finished peacocks and flowers, in whose construction the fair artists displayed extraordinary skill. Mr. Yates and Mrs. S—— have presented us with some of the silver-encased fruits, but I fear the silver will turn black during our journey across the isthmus, which is at this time of year the reverse of Lima: here there is no rain, and there it is all rain.

Mrs. S—— gave me a sad and sickening account of a visit to one of the burying-places here; it reminded me much of the horrors of the Campo Santo at Naples. She said in one case, where there was some obstruction to its free passage, the body of a child was cut up, and thrown down into the vile receptacle for the perishing remains of humanity in separate *parcels*, wrapped up in the torn shroud or some old rags of linen: however, so long as we continue our detestable system of intra-mural interments in our own metropolis, and have fetid churchyards in its most crowded haunts

(so frequently desecrated when fresh candidates for admission are brought to the reeking soil), we should be indulgent on such matters.

We have been to see the Amancaes, a famous place, and a famous flower, and a famous fiesta. The place is a valley some three or four miles from Lima, between wild and rugged mountains, looking down upon the city and upon the Pacific, and with the towering snow-capped Andes for its colossal background. The flower is a golden-coloured species of lily; and the fiesta that of St. John's Day; a few days previously to which, and sometimes on the very day, arises and blossoms brightly to adorn the chosen spot, this consecrated flower. It is popularly believed that, although up to the day before "St. John's Day," or even on the very eve of "St. John," not a single flower of the Yellow Amancaes may be discernible, yet on the hallowed morning, the flower will punctually appear to gild these previously sterile regions.

The weather was very delightful, and the Andes gloriously visible in all their majesty, the day that Mrs. A—— was kind enough to take us

there in her carriage. Mrs. W—— and her sister also went. Madame F—— was with them in their handsome equipage, which Mr. W—— drove himself, and a small cavalcade of gentlemen joined in the excursion.

The feast being on the 24th of June, is fast approaching now, but we shall perhaps be gone before it arrives. The scene is described as being very singular, and characteristic of the manners and customs of the people: thousands pour along the Alaméda de los Descalsos on the great day of jubilee. At the spot where the road enters into the mouth of the valley, two chapels are temporarily erected, covered with floating streamers and banners, and gay flaunting ribbons, and each is made for the time the habitation of a saint, arrayed in refulgent robes. This is for the purpose of collecting contributions from those whose hearts and hands are expected to be expanded and open under the influence of the joyous time, when the tide of excitement and exhilaration is flowing high, and all is glad emotion and anticipation.

The pedestrians and equestrians, and those who are rolling in their gay carriages to the

selected spot, are eagerly surrounded by noisy groups of men, women and children, thrusting little plates towards them, and indefatigably importuning them for money. The celebrated valley of Amancaes, gradually narrowing between the mountainous walls, which are seen abutting irregularly upon it, terminates almost in a point in the upper part. At this extremity, a mile distant or thereabouts, numerous clusters of booths are placed) all decorated with flags and emblematical devices), and these are but too abundantly supplied with the native brandy, and chicha and italia. The lily grows in profusion among the neighbouring hills, as well as in the valley; and eager groups of people set out through the day on exploring parties, and come back laden with the golden-coloured spoils of their adventures.

If none of the yellow lilies are actually growing on the ground, still it is half-covered with bunches and garlands of them, brought from any place where it has happened to spring up; and the flower-hunters are to be seen profusely adorned with the glistening blossoms, while the prancing steeds of many of them are also

similarly decorated, and look like moving bowers, their superb caparisons being overlaid with these blooming glowing gems. The scene must be altogether a very striking one: hundreds of splendid equipages are seen in all directions, filled with the fairest flowers of Lima —who are not by any means yellow lilies; but on whose dark and richly-braided locks the golden flowers show to great reciprocal advantage.

The servants who attend these brilliant carriages are often clothed in very handsome liveries, covered with gold and silver lace, which might a little recal remembrances of the Queen's drawing-room days in London, and the state liveries that then make their appearances in the thronged streets; but the Lima horsemen's saddles and bridles, enriched with real, and beautifully-wrought silver, attract more a stranger's unaccustomed eye.

Tapadas are said to be generally very numerous on these occasions, their brilliant rainbowed scarfs, fluttering and gleaming in studied negligence, and the one-gun battery of the single exposed eye, doing great execution. A wild national dance is usually performed

here, and a wilderness of guitars is continually tinkling, and sounding cheerily and sweetly.

Hark! Suddenly sounds the vesper bell: like bounding silver balls from silver cannon, with thrilling awful power, come the mighty tones from the peerless bell of the Lima Cathedral. The people stream back through the willow-skirted walks and road of the Alaméda de los Descalsos, on either side of which lights are gaily sparkling through the windows of the houses which look upon it—but the Feast of Amancaes is over. The preparations for the celebration of this festival were perceptible on the day we drove there.

We remained for some time entranced with the extreme beauty of the extensive view. I had not before seen Lima in its fullest splendour. The day was brilliantly fine, and it looked like an enchanted city dominating the ocean, and with a host of white-crested tributary mountains standing behind its throne. What a noble sight it was: it almost appeared to be a city all of temples and sacred edifices. So innumerable seemed its domes and steeples, pinnacles, and spires, one could hardly believe such things go

on within its walls as bull-baits and cock-fights.

Then how glorious looked the blue, calm, unbounded Pacific at its feet! so still, as if it felt the hushing influence of these hallowed temples: its smooth, shining surface looked like the vast floor of a colossal cathedral, whose towers were the giant Andes, and whose roof the purple heavens of the South. Even charming little Gemma, Mrs. A——'s sweet little girl, seemed impressed with the awful beauty of the scene, and her lovely infantine countenance looked grave and thoughtful.

With many a last admiring look at the sublime scene—on one side at the high-soaring peaks of the gigantic Cordillera, and on the other at the almost innumerable towers and turrets and terraces, and spires and steeples, and cupolas and convents of the city, partly embosomed in romantic and beautiful gardens and in umbrageous sylvan groves, and at the ocean of oceans, the wide-spreading Pacific, that with

"Soft-swelling waves,
A thousand bright islands eternally laves—"

with many a feeling of regret we left that lovely Valley of the Amancaes, lovely not in its own self, without the flowery enrobing of its famous golden lily, but for the consummate beauty of the views it presents on all sides; and we drove again through the willowy avenues of the Alaméda de los Descalsos, after passing many flourishing groves, and fields, and plantations of the busy suburbs. The streets looked very gay and animated as we drove back to the French hotel. We met hosts of ladies taking the air in their carriages; others were sitting in those broad piazzas, which have such a pretty effect with their oriental-looking jalousies; and crowds of pedestrians—militars, civicos, and saya-y-mantoes were thronging the *trottoirs*. Undisturbed by the multitudes, some of the gallianzos were comfortably perched along the sides of the rivulets that flow through the streets of Lima. These birds are the Sopilotes of Peru, and they fly about the town unmolested, nay, encouraged, perfectly tame and at home everywhere.

The running streams I have mentioned are conveyed by conduits from the river Rimac, and

flow not only through all the main arteries and chief thoroughfares of the city, but also through nearly all the lesser streets. They must contribute very considerably to the healthfulness and cleanliness of the town. As you drive along the "calles," every niche and nook, and corner and crevice, seem to be occupied by some petty trader, busily disposing of his and her small wares.

Before the bull-fights take place, it is the fashion here, on the day previous to the sport, to suspend immense and conspicuous signs containing programmes of the spectacle, at the entrance of the portales, or arcades; these flourished advertisements are generally painted on linen or muslin, stretched over frames of light wood; and sometimes the approaching cock-fight is announced by pictured placards of equally portentous appearance and dimensions. Boys also are sent round with printed and illustrated hand-bills, and cards of the coming sports; and it is frequently pompously announced that the judge will be the chief-intendant of the police. The watchmen recite a long history here in crying the hour—thus it

runs: "Ave Maria Santissima, las doce (or whatever hour it may be) han dado: Viva Peru, y Sereno."

A few evenings ago at Mrs. A——'s, the conversation happened to turn upon the debate in our Parliament on the bill for legalizing marriages between brothers and sisters-in-law. A Peruvian gentleman who was there asked, apparently in much astonishment, if that was forbidden in England: he was told it was. "Hombre!" he exclaimed, "es posible?" and proceeded to tell us a friend of his had married three sisters in succession. They must have procured dispensations from the Pope, of course.

There have been concerts lately given here by a French lady, who has been starring it in India and China, I believe! The place where the concerts are given is so near our hotel that we can hear a little of the strains of the songstress and her assistants, without moving from our chairs: they have failed here, I am told. The opera season has not yet begun in Lima. They have frequently a very good company, I believe, and the "palcos" are thronged with ladies superbly attired, and sometimes

glittering with a perfect armour and panoply of jewels, if report speaks truth.

I sent down some days ago to our fruit-seller, under the great gateway, for some of those frozen apples we saw at Callao. She sent up a number of apples, that to outward appearance were precisely the same; but on cutting them in two, we found they had either thawed, or had never been frozen at all! We have been told since, that while only one species of apple ever presents this appearance, yet you can never be sure that these will do so till you have opened them: it perhaps depends on the different stages of ripeness in the fruit. The vegetables and fruit here are mostly excellent; the *aguacates* are exquisite; we have them constantly at breakfast: they seem to hold a place between a vegetable and a fruit. Then we have pine-apples, melons, oranges, cherimoyas, grenadillas, pears and hundreds of other delicious fruits. (Nearly all the tropical fruits, however, except aguacates, I confess with deep penitence, I think detestable—too rich usually for hot countries.)

Among the vegetables, are cabbages, yuccas,

potatoes (sweet and Irish, as they call our common potato), tomatoes, pumpkins, radishes, beans, and peas, and numerous others. The cherimoya is a very great favourite here, and I believe I am in a minority of one in not liking it: it is called the queen of fruits. In size and shape it bears outwardly some resemblance to a very large pear; the rind is rather rugged, and of a colour between brown and green. It is supposed that this queenly fruit is pre-eminently excellent at Lima: it is commonly eaten with a spoon; the rich pulp is white and saccharine, and not unlike an aromatic and creamy custard. The more I tried to like them the more I abominated them — I can't exactly say why.

The cherimoya is the "Doctor Fell" of fruits for me. Perhaps one reason may be, it has so much pretension about it, that if you are disposed not to approve, your dislike becomes hatred. The grenadilla is better, *selon moi*, and more refreshing; the inside is like a large heap of the ripest interiors of gooseberries. They have raisins brought here from Pisco, as well as

"italia," which raisins are excellent, by the way.

Italia is not like the common drink, called "pisco." The italia derives its name from the circumstance of its being made from an exquisite grape imported originally from Italy, and extremely improved by the climate of the new country, or probably by some difference in the cultivation.

The present President of Peru is a Cholo. He was reproached at the time of his election with so being: he is, by all accounts, a firm, strong-minded man, not at all disposed to yield to popular clamour, and brave as a lion. During one of the Pronunciamientos here, he made his appearance in the public square, exposing himself with the utmost confidence to the infuriated people, something à la Empereur Nicholas, and he so charmed and awed them by his gallant and dauntless bearing, that not a finger was lifted against him.

We dined a few days ago with Mr. and Mrs. P——. They have a very pretty and good-sized house in the Calle de Guadaloupe, an immense distance from our hotel; but our

obliging host sent for a carriage (a hired one) for us, and we gladly mounted this lofty vehicle, which was gaily decorated with yellow silk lining in the interior, and proceeded at a most funereal pace to the abode of our friend. Whether our driver had a particular fancy for crossing and recrossing the little rivulets in the middle of the streets, or whether this carriage was in itself rough, I knew not precisely, but there was certainly a great deal of jolting and jarring—perhaps the driver thought a little exercise before dinner was good for our healths.

Some of the humbler orders of Lima Señoras have a curious little unsophisticated custom of their own, which is decidedly original: it is washing the plates, and glasses, and dishes from their dinner-tables in the gutters of the streets. Now, although the waters of the Rimac are as clear as crystal when dashing over their pebbly bed, they are doomed to experience in their peregrinations through the Lima calles the truth of the proverb that says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and these contaminated currents most abundantly testify

to this fact. I should therefore think the flavour of the "caldo," or of their favourite fiery red-pepper sauce itself, cannot be much improved by their contact with these gutter-washed platters.

It is quite affecting to hear the ladies in Lima (I mean in general our own countrywomen) lamenting over the difficulty of keeping any maid-servants here now, as they all go to California, the male emigrants being anxious to provide themselves with emigrantesses; in short, hard-working wives, to cook, and wash, and take care of their homes. Some of the ladies pathetically dilated on their misfortunes, and one told me she had taken care to engage a most undeniable Gorgon, and she expatiated on the poor woman's ugliness, as an admirer might do on the charms of his fair one:

"So exquisitely and deliciously hideous she was! such blubber lips! such goggle, boiled-mackarel eyes! such a squat nose, with such wide, horrible nostrils" (something like the prompter's box at the opera, by her description)! "and such a villanous complexion, and old as the Andes nearly!" and this chosen and selected

star and wonder disappeared sooner than the rest.

A handsome young carpenter persuaded the goggle-eyed dame to visit El Dorado as his spouse; and the astonishment and indignation of the bereaved lady knew no bounds. It seems that the emigrants do not care quite so much for looking at pretty faces, in their new distant homes, as having hard-working, industrious, managing wives; good housewives, who will cook and wash, and drudge, and keep their houses tidy and comfortable.

If the lady had tried to find a beauty instead, she would perhaps have acted more wisely, for the *belle* would have been far more *difficile* to begin with, and would have looked with horror at the prospect of the hardships and drudgery which the wives of miners and adventurers in California have constantly to undergo. It was a mistake, decidedly. I dare say, too, that goggle-eyed gorgon thought more of her appearance, and was more conceited than a beauty would have been: it is so often the case.

Mrs. S——, whom we went to see a little while ago, has given us some charming old

" huacos," which are warranted to be really from the sepulchres of the ancient Sun-worshippers. One of them has strange marks and hieroglyphics on it, and a curious monkey-like little monster on the handle. She also kindly gave me some of the pieces of cloth found in those old tombs, remnants belonging to the shrouds or dresses in which the mummies were found wrapped.

The ancient places of interment were generally vaults, built of adobes. With the bodies are frequently found gold ornaments, and other treasures: the wrappings and draperies of the mummies are found occasionally most splendidly dyed and embroidered, and often exhibit considerable artistical taste and manufacturing skill. There are belts, with balls and tassels, mats, sacks, and other articles, usually scattered about the vaults in great abundance.

I have read a description of one fragment that appears to be an allegorical design. It was the representation of a beautiful butterfly, with its rich wings outstretched, as if flying, or about to fly. The colours were light red, and azure, and white, and a glowing, golden brown, and apparently

carefully imitated from nature. This butterfly was displayed on a deep ground of crimson. Surely it was meant to represent the enfranchised soul, in the manner of the classical ancients.

It is said there are some small bags found in numbers in the vaults, that are made of cotton, hair, or wool. Sometimes they are fringed, and otherwise decorated: they are generally sewn up, and enclose often tufts of hair, dark-coloured pebbles, and little bunches of parti-coloured feathers. The fragment of cloth Mrs. S—— so obligingly gave me, was quite recently taken from a mummy; the colours are still clear; they are brown, figured over with red: the figures are not very unlike some of those hieroglyphics on the earthen vessels I have mentioned. The material is of immense thickness, almost equal to that of a carpet: it is in excellent preservation. There is a curious war-sling, given to me by the same kind friend, which is still in use among the wild Indians in the interior of Peru: it is very strongly and neatly made.

Mrs. S—— has an exceedingly handsome house; a two-storied one, with immense galle-

ries, and covered balconies. These balconies are magnificent; they are furnished and carpeted. They afford such an excellent view, that during "dias de fiesta," they are crowded by the friends and acquaintances of the amiable mistress of the mansion. I have received a kind invitation to come here to witness some of the great religious processions which will shortly take place, and shall certainly avail myself of it, if I am still in the Peruvian capital. In this earthquaking city of Lima this is almost the only two-storied house whose inhabitants I know. There are a profusion of interesting curiosities in the large and lofty rooms here: huacos of all kinds and shapes, formed into various sorts of monstrosities, some very elaborately finished; and there are quantities of beautiful, inlaid cabinets—such an "embarras des richesses" in that line, indeed, that the children have some magnificent ones, in which to put their toys and books. Others are used for stores of Berlin-wool and canvas (Mrs. S——'s sister works very beautifully); and, in short, costly and exquisite as they are, they are obliged to make themselves generally useful here.

I think I have not mentioned that the room in which Francisco Pizarro was assassinated is still shown at Lima, and the balcony from whence the unpitying, infuriated Almagros afterwards threw his body; but I doubt its being the true one.

'L'Algérie' is shortly to leave Callao; for Payta first, and then probably for the Sandwich Islands. We went to take leave of Madame F—— yesterday. She and Monsieur F—— are staying at the French Minister's. Madame F—— seems to look forward with great pleasure to her extended tour and voyage round the world, and not to regret Paris in the least. She expects to be much interested in China: it is altogether a very spirited undertaking for this young and beautiful lady.

We also went to see Mrs. B——. Her house is remarkably pretty, with a garden like a vision of enchantment. Such flowers! among others, that lovely "variable," the chameleon of flowers, which changes its colour three times a-day. It is, I believe, pure white in the morning, a soft rose-colour in the afternoon, and in the evening a deep glowing crim-

son. The Peruvians somewhat impertinently call it the "Señorita."

My bird-fancying companion went with Mrs. B——'s little adopted daughter to see two splendid feathered monsters. By her description, I think they must be huacamayas, a rare and huge species of parrot. She says they were of enormous size, and of the most dazzling colours conceivable, but very savage indeed. They were formerly kept in the garden; but the distracting noise they made caused them to be banished to a more distant place of abode.

The garden here is in the patio, and the delicious odours with which it floods the drawing-rooms are charming. Still the luxuriance of Lima gardens cannot strictly be compared with that of those of the Havana. I must give a list of the plants and flowers in one small garden there belonging to a villa in the suburbs. First and foremost, the villa itself (which was more like a kiosk at Constantinople than a house, all balconies and galleries) was smothered in the most lavish growth of creepers and climbing plants; and it was most magnificently overshadowed by a princely bamboo, whose huge

giant branches rose to a great height above it to fall in mighty mammoth plumes, such as might have surmounted the head of a Titanic birthday beauty, two miles high!—in the land of giants and ogres. It was also like a vast high-soaring fountain of transparent emerald, tossing skyward its fairy columns, and falling in graceful cascades of feathery, far-spreading and foamy lightness.

The garden was certainly too crowded with its wild botanical treasures; yet entangled and heaped together as they were in the richest profusion, they all appeared in the most flourishing condition, and those that could find no space below for their exuberant glories and fanciful vagaries shot up above, and hung their enchanted bowers, and spread their mosaiced and rainbowed parterres, in the air, at least so they seemed to do. There were jessamines, hibiscus (called here "mar pacifico"), mignionette *trees*, pomegranates, floripondias, verbenas, dahlias, "conchitas azules," marivillas of three colours, orange trees, bananas, papayos (papaws), silk sugar-cane (a particular kind of sugar-cane), guanabana, aloes, tobacco plant,

espuelas, Peregrina trees, madamas; quantities of different kinds of roses, Alamo trees, diamela, Almendras (almond trees), Almizcle (musk), Tuna (a peculiar sort of cactus), fig-trees, Jupite or astronomia, grape-vines, azucenas (white lilies), Itamo real (tree), Albahaca fina (a kind of sweet basil), yerba Luisa, romero (rosemary), malva real, caña de azucar, violets, mejorana, aguinaldos blancos, cundiamor, Indio trepador, the fine flor del zapota, claveles rosedáns, murallas (trees), the caña brava (bamboo), and others whose names I could not ascertain. Remember, this is quite a common-place and *very* little garden, with hardly any care whatever bestowed upon it.

Delightful as this cool and rainless climate of Lima is, there must, I think, be something peculiarly enervating about it. Notwithstanding the untropical freshness of the air, Europeans complain that they cannot take exercise here as in their own countries; and what is strange, the eyes seem often affected with weakness. The complete absence of sun and glare in general ought, one would imagine, to be favourable to the visual organs. I cannot say

that we find walking fatigues us more here than at other places, but we constantly hear complaints to that effect. To be sure, we have been here but a short time as yet.

I heard the other day two English ladies, who had been out shopping together the previous day, inquiring after their mutual healths, and one said: "I really felt as if I should die when I arrived at home; I lay down on the sofa, and could not move hand or foot for hours." And the other, "I felt quite ill after the fatigue of going to those shops. I have not recovered it. I have felt so tired and wearied out ever since." From curiosity, I made inquiries as to the amount of exertion they had undergone, and found it was what would be considered a mere nothing in London.

We are going to see some of the churches. The magnificent church and convent of San Francisco I fear we shall not be allowed to enter.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT TO LEAVE LIMA — THE CATHEDRAL — FRAGILE BUT ENDURING BUILDINGS IN LIMA—THE REASON WHY THEY ARE THE LATTER—THE TOWER OF SAN DOMINGO—THE CHORISTER OF THE CATHEDRAL—THE SHRINE OF SANTA ROSA—THE INQUISITION AT LIMA—THE CEMETERY—CEMETERIES IN THE UNITED STATES—LIMA MODE OF SEPULTURE — REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN — PERUVIAN POLITICS—DISHEARTENING NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA—VERSES ON HAPPINESS—EARTHQUAKES AT LIMA—THE SHOES OF THE LADIES.

We are still at Lima; but an American steamer has lately arrived, and if it is possible to manage it comfortably, I think of taking a passage in her to Panama, as the sooner we cross the isthmus on our way to Jamaica now (before the roads are utterly turned to swamps and morasses) the better. The rainy season has doubtless set in, but in the beginning it is comparatively easy to effect the transit.

This American vessel is a river steamer. She has come here from New York, through the Straits of Magellan, after losing almost her whole crew at Rio Janeiro of yellow fever: fifteen men belonging to the steamer died there, and the Captain is still ill from the effects of the severe attack he had of that dreadful disorder. In some instances, it is stated, merchant vessels were left without a single man on board. It began among the shipping, and for a long time did not make its appearance on shore; but at length it burst forth there also, and spread with awful violence.

Mr. Yates has most obligingly volunteered to arrange about our passage to Panama, if the accommodations on board the 'New World' are sufficiently comfortable. I have consulted an eminent English medical gentleman here as to there being any danger of infection on board the steamer, and he positively assures me there is not the smallest cause for any apprehension.

Mr. Yates escorted us to see the cathedral and two other fine churches this morning, as well as the building where the Congress assembles. This is not very imposing, but we

could not gain admittance to the finest part. A ragged soldier piloted us about: he had lost a limb in one of the revolutionary battles here. As he led us along a handsome hall, I saw at the extreme end, where immense doors opened on a kind of patio, what I thought was a beautiful garden, and the distant hills and mountains behind it.

This was a spirited, well-executed fresco, on a high wall opposite, so arranged as to fill up the whole space in front of the opened doors: when seen from the hall it has the appearance of being a natural landscape and garden. The court-yards were like open-air panoramas. The people seem to have a perfect passion for fresco-paintings and arabesques.

If the truth is to be told, Lima itself, the regal and the aspiring, is very near being one huge colossal opera-scene. A great number of the princely-looking edifices that rear their haughty fronts as if they would defy the terrible *temblor* itself, are only built of stones and bricks (or often of gigantic adobes) up to the height of the belfries; above this all is lath and plaster, pasteboard and rushes, reeds and stucco; a vast

accumulation of architecturally arranged whips, and wicker-work, and whim-whams, and walking-sticks; but the effect is as splendid as if all was built of granite and adamant. Who would dream, when looking at this city from the Amancaes, that these glorious domes and steeples, so thickly crowding together that one might almost think the inhabitants of Lima all dwelt in churches, or in convents at least, and that no secular habitation intervened—who would dream, I say, that these apparently massive structures were closely akin to a child's house of cards, or the background scenes of a ballet in London or Paris? But Lima is justified in placing her faith on a reed, and in thinking stability, or rather solidity, of construction not literally worth a rush here.

These light and fragile fabrics are the only edifices of any elevation that can withstand the shocks of the devastating earthquake. The reader will remember, I dare say, the account of the earthquake in New Zealand, when all the strongly-built stone houses suffered and sank, and became piles of ruins, and those with slender wooden walls stood uninjured. No lofty structure could survive the assaults of

frequent earthquakes, except those of such "leather and prunella," papery composition: *they* bend and quiver like a storm-skaken pine of the forest, but regain and recover their perpendicular position unimpaired.

There is one very high tower, that of San Domingo, where they say the ringing of the bells causes an extreme vibration, like that in the leaning tower of Pisa, yet it is considered safe. As to the private dwelling houses, they are generally, of course, of the same materials; but as rain is unknown here, and wind does not visit the "face" of the fair city ever "too roughly," you might live in a tent of silken taffeta, if so minded, without injury from the elements.

The cathedral has two aisles inside, supported by a vast number of pillars. There is in the interior some very beautifully carved wood; but while we were admiring this, a ragged-looking boy, who had been previously chattering with some urchins of comrades, rushed towards us, gesticulating and vociferating amazingly, and said on no account could the ladies be permitted to remain. Capt. W——,

who had joined our party, with Mr. Yates, tried to pacify him, and persuade him to allow us to stay.

Suddenly he darted away, and with remarkable rapidity appeared before us again in a change of costume, that had been effected with such celerity, that we should have been disposed to think it was a twin brother of our youthful persecutor, had not our eyes followed his agile movements. He was now a chorister in flowing robes, and with much dignity of deportment he ordered us away: it was "quite impossible that ladies should come there;" but this our presence practically contradicted, so we replied not. He frowned and fulmined at us; probably threatened us with the vengeance of the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals, and sweet Santa Rosa of Lima if we did not depart.

His rage and eagerness prevented his speaking very clearly, and we were really much taken up in looking at the beautiful wood carvings; but we soon told him we would go, and his countenance lighted up a little. He behaved civilly enough when he saw us departing, merely

looking as if he would like particularly to have the exterminating of us quietly, without any torturing whatsoever.

We had hoped to have avoided any unpleasant rencontre of this kind; for hearing they were very particular about the head-dress here, we had doffed our already-excommunicated bonnets, and put a "manto" of the moment on our heads, formed of black scarves; but this young gentleman quickly discovered we were heretics, and treated us accordingly. The shrine of the patroness of Lima, Saint Rosa, was brilliantly decorated. In the fine Murillo at Belvoir Castle, this saint appears. The cathedral formerly was enriched by vast quantities of solid silver, which have gradually melted away, under the unscrupulous attacks of the many different revolutionists and pseudo-regenerators of this fine land.

We afterwards went to see the ancient Inquisition: it is now used chiefly as a prison for the meanest criminals. In a large hall we saw a truly beautiful carved ceiling; it was perfectly exquisite, but is quite lost where it is. We were told by a Peruvian gentleman there, that it has long been contemplated to remove it to some more

conspicuous and suitable situation. We looked into one of the old dungeons of the Inquisition. Horrible! When the accused was brought from his cell, he did not enter the hall of judgment, or whatever this great gloomy chamber was called, but was led up to a small grated opening in the wall, to hear the sentence.

We were shown the place where an immense crucifix had been formerly attached to the wall at the upper end of the room, above the place where sat the solemn arbiters of life and death. Behind this figure was arranged machinery, by which it was made to nod and shake the head, when appealed to, before the irrevocable decision was pronounced. The Peruvian gentleman enlarged upon the horrors of those olden days in a strain of glowing indignation, till that gloomy old hall of the Inquisition resounded with his eager eloquence.

Mr. Yates, who had most obligingly undertaken to pay a visit to the American steamer, and let us know whether she had sufficient accommodation, has brought us word that the Captain will make all necessary arrangements, and that he fully intends to stop at Panama on

his way to San Francisco. He says the vessel is beautifully clean, and that we shall have it almost all to ourselves, as there are only three passengers in her now for California. When she gets to Panama, she will probably find crowds anxious to take their passage in her.

I have just returned from a charming drive with our kind friend Mrs. A——, after going to take leave of Mrs. S—— and her sister, and the pretty children, with their flowing English-looking golden ringlets. We drove to the cemetery, a little distance from Lima: we found the great gates locked, and could only look through them. After seeing the most magnificent and beautiful cemeteries in the world—those of the United States—all others look dreary and poor in comparison. Even those glittering much-adorned churchyards, which I remember admiring once in Bavaria, would, from their petty size, look inferior indeed.

Then in the United States they generally choose a natural situation of the greatest beauty; and Nature and Art strive together to perform, as it were, everlastingly the noblest funeral obsequies around the tombs of the de-

parted. Statues of angels and weeping mourners stand by the graves among flowers and trees; the air thrills with perpetual hymns of singing birds; silent sermons are preached from changing foliage and varying blooms. All is touching, and beautiful, and hallowed, in that place, which the imaginative Germans so poetically call "God's Acre." And so it should be.

The Old Romans were the wisest of mankind, it is my humble opinion, in their way of disposing finally of their dead; and next to them are the Young Americans! Death is not made unnecessarily and improperly gloomy and repulsive. The pale angel is still an angel, and regarded as the one who, in opening the gates of the grave, throws wide the portals of immortality.

It is the custom in Lima for a large clumsy hearse, drawn by mules, and driven by a postilion, to go round in the morning, and collect the bodies of those who have died in the preceding night. The hearse, called the car of the Pantheon, brings them to the cathedral, to receive the latest offices of the Church. Some-

times the corpses are brought in coffins, and sometimes not. When the latter is the case, a public receptacle is used during the performance of the funeral ceremony, which is made to fit all comers.

On returning from the cemetery, which is enclosed by high adobe walls, we found it quite cold, and were glad to put on additional cloaks. Our hands were extremely chilled. There must be some great difference in the climate or the construction of the houses in Mexico and Lima. We have never found it cold in the houses here (without fires, of course), while in Mexico —in the mornings particularly—we often found it so. In Mexico, on the contrary, I never found it cold out of doors; whereas here, several times we have found it imperatively necessary to put on warm, thick shawls on going out.

I am sorry to leave Lima before the religious *fêtes* take place, for the city, from its many peculiarities, must present a very striking scene on those occasions. From all its nearly innumerable churches and convents are floating then myriads of consecrated banners, and from

the houses, too, tens of thousands of "banderas" are streaming with their gaudy hues on the flushed air.

The insides of the churches are adorned with a forest of artificial flowers, and miles of festooning ribbons, and is besides decorated with other ornaments, in almost endless profusion. Processions go through the streets, and music awakens the echoes, while incense from censers of silver thickly ascends in odoriferous clouds, and a hundred splendid pageants appear on all sides.

Just now, serious reflections on such subjects I will not enter into. The spectacle itself, however much there is to be deplored in such exhibitions, must be fine, amid all the picturesque adjuncts of the capital of Peru, where the old Sun-worshippers whilom knelt in rude idolatry.

Speaking of them, I should have very much liked to visit the remains of the ancient Temple of the Sun, about twenty miles from this city. This old edifice is said to have been about three hundred and thirty feet high: some writers state that it was at least six hundred feet above

the level of the sea, raised on an elevation which was in part artificial. The ruins are scattered over three grand terraces, rising in regular gradations one over the other. The remains of an ancient and stately town lie mouldering around the fallen temple of Pachacamac, the life-bestowing deity.

The scenery around is reported to be very splendid; the gigantic mountain-views contrasting strikingly with the smiling groves of orange, and the fruitful gardens and fields of the lovely valley of Lurin—quiet hamlets, with their painted churches and soaring steeples; the Pacific tossing its foam in sparkling garlands on the shore, and fading away in the blue horizon; the wild-whirling clouds on the distant lofty peaks; the haciendas hidden in thickets of fruit trees; old earthquake-ruined bridges, and Indian chacras, dotted here and there.

Altogether, by all accounts, it must form a very interesting scene, and assuredly must be well worth going to see; but we found various difficulties in the way; and not thinking of going so soon, I put it off; and that most arrant thief and vagabond, Procrastination, has robbed

me of this. Is not that same Procrastination the chief paviour of Pluto, where good intentions were used instead of stone or wood?

I will not enter into any Peruvian politics, my sole intention being to tell the reader what we actually see around us. It would only be the gossip of politics that I could give in these hastily-written pages, and would neither amuse nor edify. I will, therefore, merely say, there seems a growing jealousy between the civilians and the military. The South American armies, as far as I have seen, seem to be maintained generally, not for the purpose so much of fighting the country's battles with foreign foes, as for settling endless disputes among the belligerent factions at home.

Far be it from me to say that the sole movement here has been a "progressive retrogression;" but I am disposed to think, in educational matters, and other things indispensable to successful self-government, there has been displayed a remarkable supineness in high quarters; which "masterly inactivity," in those who desire to lead and autocratize over the people, renders the Government, popularized though it is, more a military despotism than a constitutional democracy.

Physical force, I believe, embodies pretty strongly the ruling idea in their vexed politics. If the citizen is jealous of the soldier, let him himself erect the school-house (which acts so great a part in the prosperity of the United States) in opposition to the barracks; and in time, though we may have many a phase of various aspects to witness first, we shall see real improvement and positive progress here; especially if moral training keep pace with intellectual—for the one without the other is a dangerous mistake. Chili, from what I hear on all sides, is the most flourishing of all these South American republics: the people are steady, industrious, enterprising, and temperate, and it seems moderately enlightened.

There is an English book-club established here, and they have a number of interesting works sent out from England. I have just read one of them, Layard's "Nineveh." I have not yet mentioned that the steamer we are going in is a river steamer, the second that has been sent round Cape Horn. She is going to run on the Sacramento River, in California.

I have lately heard my English friends here lamenting over some melancholy accounts that

have come from that "Eureka" State. A young American gentleman, who apparently was exceedingly popular here, has attempted to commit self-destruction, after a melancholy series of misfortunes. He had not very long ago lost a beloved wife, who was killed by a fall from her horse in California. He was slowly recovering from this dreadful blow, which it is said he most profoundly felt (so deeply, indeed, that his reason, it was believed, was slightly unsettled by the shock), when by some unforeseen calamity—the great fire, I believe—his newly-made fortune was entirely shattered, and he fell at once from affluence into destitution. He attempted to shoot himself, but blew off nearly half his face, and yet remained alive.

The story is a very sad one; but many almost equally heart-rending occurrences, it is to be feared, have taken place in the golden land since the great emigration commenced. One man went mad from sudden success, and killed himself in a paroxysm of delirium. In short, I have heard so many mournful histories with regard to successful and unsuccessful speculators, that I am reminded of some verses of my

own, in a poem written long ago. Here is some of it:

I.

Oh, Happiness! where is thy home?
Say, where dost thou linger and dwell?
Stars and seraphs sing—"*this* side the tomb"—
Dear, impossible Blessing, farewell!

II.

Hence no more—oh, no more—never more,
Come in shadows as seeming near me;
I might dream thou wert clasped to the core,
And but wake to find grief, and not thee!

III.

Did I think I could seize thee when borne
On the whirlwinds of passion and pride,
All my spirit on fire with its scorn—
All my heart like a storm-troubled tide?

* * * * *

IV.

Say, oh! Happiness, where is thy sphere?
Where, where dost thou linger and dwell?
All still seek thee afar and anear,
But, impossible Blessing,—farewell!

After seeing the fragility of the materials

used here generally in the construction of buildings, I am no longer surprised at what the residents tell me; namely, that if a heavy pattering shower of rain came down, Lima might melt away like a huge heap of Brobdignagian bonbons, or like a confectionary-metropolis—a vast collection of mammoth barley-sugar temples—or else it might be swept away altogether into the Pacific. But in this earthquaking land, it is imperatively necessary it should be so.

Here they pray continually to be protected from earthquakes; the word "famine," in our Church Service, is left out, and "earthquake" substituted. Compensation is Nature's favourite rule, and one she scarcely ever (if ever) infringes.

The charming little child of Monsieur and Madame du C——, has just paid us a visit. V—— was playing with some paroquets, which attracted her into the drawing-room, for of course the balcony doors were wide open. Little Bertha is one of the most sensible children I ever met with: she gave an account of their passage across the isthmus, and her poor papa's unfortunate fall, in the most touching and pretty language, in a perfectly simple and artless yet

animated manner, and then reverted to her *chère* France, where she was so happy, and had so many playfellows and pleasures, and her "*pauvre* papa" was quite well. Though the little darling seemed contented and happy enough at Lima; and it would have been sad, indeed, if at five or six years of age she had begun to grieve for "days lang syne," for they seemed "lang syne" to her.

But the Captain of the 'New World' has sent us word he shall be ready to start in the evening. I have got to send back books that have been kindly lent to me from the English Book Club, to write a note of leavetaking and thanks to Mrs. B——, who has sent us a beautiful plant, and to do all the innumerable necessary nothings people find to do before leaving a place; and then farewell to beautiful, dilapidated Lima, mighty in fragility, and refulgent in decay; the most splendid city that the splendid Spaniards ever built in South America, and the capital of the richest of its countries,—superb Peru!

Mariquita, our Peruvian female attendant, has just been to take leave of us, and her sister to boot, bringing with them one of the loveliest little

dogs you can imagine. Mrs. B—— told me the other day, that in this neighbourhood people are occasionally subject to a shortness of breathing, which is very distressing. It is something like asthma, but not exactly: keeping the chest warm is recommended by the faculty, and these little dogs, with their soft satin-like fur, are used as living muffs or cushions (as in England those silken breast-plates called comforters are used); and in almost all cases these animated canine cuirasses are found to be perfectly efficacious.

Independently of their being employed in this remedial service, these tiny creatures are often seen nestling in the folds of their mistress's gown, more like doves than dogs. They are wonderfully small, and their wee feet emulate in delicacy those of their fair owners.

One of the *femmes de chambre* went the other day to order some walking shoes, and told me when she entered the shop, she fancied at first it must be a place for babies and children's shoes only, so marvellously small were those satin "zapatos," but they were found to be all ladies' shoes. The only thing that spoils their feet is, they wear their shoes too short even for

their diminutive feet, which makes them look (as they are inclined to be the least *soupçon* too broad for their length) a little—a very little—disproportionately short; but in the most refined classes this defect almost entirely disappears.

To return to the canine subject: I hear that at Chihuahua, in Mexico, is a breed of the most extraordinary little dogs imaginable, much smaller even than these, and yet excessively fierce. They make the best and most vigilant guards and watch-dogs possible, dwarfs though they are.

With regard to educational establishments, I believe I have done Lima a little injustice. I have been informed lately there are several.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOYAGE FROM PERU TO PANAMA—FAREWELL TO LIMA—GUANACOS—THE RIO LADY IN THE OMNIBUS—THE RAILROAD BEGUN—ARRIVAL AT CALLAO—RODIL'S DEFENCE OF CALLAO DESCRIBED—POLITE ATTENTION OF CAPTAIN W——.—THE HARBOUR OF CALLAO—THE BEAUTY OF THE PACIFIC—HANDSOME APPOINTMENTS OF THE STEAMER—THE MUSICAL STEWARDS—MR. BEEBE, THE HATTER, FOR CALIFORNIA—ARRIVAL AT PAYTA—THE BRITISH CONSUL THERE—DESCRIPTION OF PAYTA—TREATMENT OF PERU BY THE SPANISH CONQUERORS—INSURRECTION OF TUPAC AMARU—THE INDIANS BEYOND PERU.

I WRITE this chapter at Jamaica. Our return voyage from Peru to Panama was most successfully performed. I have formerly mentioned how much we suffered on our first voyage, thermometrically speaking; but we experienced scarcely any oppressive heat whatsoever on our way back.

We left the city of the land of the Incas in that unromantic conveyance called an omnibus; for we feared we were late, and thought that we

should save time by so doing. Mr. Yates was good enough to arrange all for us, and we found the omnibus just starting. The administrador recommended dispatch. We clambered in hastily, and—weak mortals—we thought, when we got in, it was full; but another passenger appeared—an Indian woman, with a little chocolate-coloured baby, who looked round with great *sang-froid* on the crammed vehicle, most philosophically indifferent. These Indian infants seem the most stoical little dingy Diogeneses on earth.

At last the omnibus overflowed. A few arms, and heads, and shoulders, and such insignificant portions of the human frame were squeezed out at the rows of open windows and then, *arré!* On we go, through the Morisco-Spanish streets of the noble old city, on, till we dash through the great gate.

Magnificent Lima, farewell! Like so many Sister Annes, we can soon see nothing but clouds of dust. Would we could have seen flocks—not of sheep, but of the gentle llama, those singular animals which, if they are overloaded or ill-used, shed tears, look up pathetically and half reproachfully, and then in despair,

if not relieved or soothed, lie down and die. I am assured this is a fact; but I will say no more of them, as they are so well known, nor of the vicunas and alpacas.

By the way, the guanacos are by some supposed to be a smaller kind of the large animal, on which the Patagonians were said to have ridden, bearing a resemblance to the mule, and also to the stag or elk. They are not, I believe, used as beasts of draught or burden by the South Americans, though some authors state they are capable of drawing more weight than two horses.

The first day Mrs. A—— landed in Peru, she was lucky enough to see a long string of the interesting llamas, but has not seen one in Lima since.

For the dust, we could but just glimpse the noble trees of the great avenue leading from the town. A young Peruvian gentleman in the carriage, whose poncho was lying like a lady's shawl carelessly on his arm, to save his *casaca* from the *polvo*, quick as thought doffed his sombrero, and popped his head through the poncho, without apparently discomposing a single hair.

A lady seated opposite to me was very communicative. She told me she had only lately arrived from Rio Janeiro, and she regretted exceedingly the imperial magnificence and the court gaieties of that capital. She was a thorough-going monarchist. It was delightful to see the *cortège* of the Emperor and Empress when they went out. At the Opera their box looked so splendid; the Imperial Court gave such life and brilliancy to everything. Lima seemed so dull in comparison. The President indeed! what was that? Nothing at all! "Oh qué differencia, qué lástima, qué disgracia," that there should be no great court here! Rio was infinitely preferable, she thought, and everything so very flourishing there.

And now, thanks to an intermission of dust, we caught sight of the many-towered capital, leaning, in its haughty beauty, against the everlasting Andes. "Qué maravilla!" "Ah! Lima was very well," but the fair Brazilian reverted to Rio. "Pero Rio! Eso es superior á todo elogio, hechicero! admirable." "The climate here, however, must be pleasanter by all accounts." "Pero está V. Equivocado."—"It is charming at Rio, a little hot certainly,

but it is cooler in the evening; and then there are such diamonds, and all seem so happy there."

The omnibus stopped, and a Peruvian caballero, who was one of the passengers, soon saw a friend of his on horseback, near the door of the "fonda;" wishing to speak to him, he attempted to reach the "portazuela;" but seeing this would incommode us, managed to get out of one of the front windows, really like a very graceful monkey, and climbed in again with equal agility.

As we drove along, some splendidly dressed caballeros galloped past us with their magnificently caparisoned horses caracoling very prettily; but on thundered our great lumbering vehicle, "ciudado! caballeros," for our ebony coachman has had a little tiny taste, it seems, of "pisco." But the beautiful horses were every now and then to be seen through the dust, dancing a pretty little ballet along the gently descending road.

The railroad is already begun! we caught a glimpse of the works as we passed by. An unfortunate accident had just happened, the day before we left, I think. A man was killed, it was said, and others injured; and some of the

natives began to shake their heads, and said it was ominous, and the railroad constructed by heretics would not answer, and so on. Last year, I believe, the attempt was made; but the superintendent, a young man of talent, went mad from over-anxiety, and subsequently died here. There appears, however, no doubt now of its succeeding.

We arrived at Callao in excellent time, and by Mrs. M——'s kind invitation went straight to her house. We heard that the American steamer would not start for the present, and Captain W—— had obligingly left us a message to say, he would come at the right time to take us on board in his boat.

I was anxious to take a poncho with me to England, and had not had time to get it at Lima that morning. Mrs. M—— sent for one from a Callao shop, which I bought. Mr. B——, who amiably came to see us off, on looking at my purchase, told me very likely it had been imported from England, where they make them now, to undersell the market here. So my poor poncho was partly disenchanted in my eyes—manufactured at Leeds instead of

in the interior of Peru! but I don't quite believe it is the case. I think my poncho has a very Peruvian and anti-Leeds air; so I shall try and console myself.

Callao does not look to advantage after Lima, notwithstanding it boasts some very pretty mansions, like Mr. and Mrs. M——'s, for example. It is said that in some of the by-streets there you will see English signs hung up, such as "The Lively Pig," &c.; but Valparaiso is said to be still more Anglicized in its nomenclature.

I was sorry not to be able to go to see the old castle of Callao, which, under Rodil, during the War of Independence, stood a siege of two years. Rodil defended the fortress most gallantly and resolutely. The blockade was so strict, that the garrison was reduced to severe extremities, horseflesh being sold for a gold ounce per pound, and chickens for their weight in gold. In addition to this, he had treachery and insubordination to contend with constantly within the walls; and he was compelled to maintain his legitimate authority as commander by many terrible examples of severity.

Thus attacked, and hemmed in on all sides

by land and by water, with treason close at hand, and war, hatred and rage without, a thousand hardships and privations increasing upon them day by day, and hopelessness casting slowly its heavy shadow over their outworn spirits, Rodil, with a few faithful adherents, "preux chevaliers, sans peur et sans reproche," still were true to their posts, and devoted to their duty, their king and their country, till a frightful famine forced them to surrender. Here, where the Royalists made their last stand in the country, was the royal flag of Leon and of Castile furled for ever; but Rodil has left a glorious name behind him, which even his enemies must respect.

The round turrets of the dilapidated castle are flanked on each side by lengthened lines of fortifications, by curtains, and bastions, and batteries, and walls, and embrasures. Enclosed within prodigiously thick and casemated walls, are extensive barracks (which at present are turned into useful warehouses for the peaceful customs), magazines, &c. It is thought by some that a very insignificant army, numerically speaking, properly commanded, and well found in siege *matériel*, might have taken the place in

two weeks, or perhaps one, instead of two years. This fortress had, however, a proud reputation of yore in Peru.

Shortly after Captain W—— arrived, we took leave of Mrs. M——, and walked to the mole, where we found the boat in readiness to convey us to the American steamer. So, wishing Mr. B—— good-bye, who had walked with us to the boat, we were handed in by Captain W——, and soon found ourselves alongside of the vessel. She reminded us of the Missisippi steamers in her appearance. When we arrived alongside we had only one little step to make into the steamer from the boat.

The Captain had not yet come on board, and after looking at our cabins, which were most charmingly arranged and most comfortable, and which were, indeed, beautifully furnished, we paid a flying visit to the 'Dædalus,' and admired the perfect and admirable order which was perceptible at every step,—saw in the chief cabin two splendid engravings of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington (the latter, uncle of Capt. W——), and returned to the 'New World' just at the right time, for very

soon after we left the harbour. It was smooth as a polished mirror, so protected is it from the southerly winds that generally blow here, by sandy San Lorenzo, and by a slender tongue of land that projects considerably, and by Fronton.

In the harbour were many vessels, chiefly merchant ships, not laden with gold and silver, but guano; not to be despised in this age of utilitarianism, and bringing plenty of gold and silver in its unsavoury train. But we quickly lost sight of them, and of the town and fortifications; and adios to the beauteous "Ciudad de los Reyes:" if there was any truth in the old proverb, "El que bebe de las pilas, se queda en Lima," we—teetotallers as we are,—should have stayed longer.

I may mention that I was told that Callao is sufficiently Americanized to have, in deference to Yankee tastes and prejudices, besides its own italia and pisco, timber-doodle, mint-julep, and such concoctions. Ice is extremely plentiful. It is ordinarily frozen snow from those giant mountains, which are so "convenient" for the purpose.

Again we were on the vast Pacific, and once more under the glorious stars and stripes, which I so deeply reverence, honour and love. The evening was most delightfully calm, and we were perfectly enchanted with our spacious and beautiful cabins, one of which had eight large windows and all wide open, with the tranquil ocean lying like a great cloudless sky close to us. Looking on that mighty world of waters of the Pacific, I always feel as if I saw farther —much farther than on any other sea. Its lovely smoothness, and the sometimes brilliant transparency of the atmosphere, make it seem as if, over its softly-heaving surface, one looked into very Immensity and Eternity. I marvel not that some of the tribes of the ancient Indians imagined, that beyond that cerulean-looking ocean was placed the everlasting heaven-land to which their enfranchised spirits sailed after death. On this account a small canoe was often buried with them, in which they might embark without delay, with a sufficiency of provisions laid in for the voyage. They believed it was a submarine navigation they had to perform.

Of course, I felt this sublime vast effect was

always assisted and partly produced by the imagination, and the consciousness that one might look from Lima, for instance, on and on, if physically empowered, to New Zealand in a slanting direction, without encountering a single island of any size or significance between, while from there again it is all ocean!

We had a charming dining, and sitting cabin besides, assigned to us, which had four windows. This was like a beautiful satin tent: the large, long cabin also was draperied with bright-coloured satin along its whole extent, and in both there were white marble tables with a profusion of gilding, superb vases, and other decorations; and the prettiest possible light curtains to all the windows of white muslin, embroidered with a thousand vivid colours (which curtains, I believe, came from Germany); and in addition to all this, we had most comfortable berths. You see, on the Sacramento, in far California, they will glide along in a vessel almost as luxurious as Cleopatra's barque of old.

The Captain had thoughtfully ordered a milch goat to be brought on board, which supplied us with excellent milk, which I always think one

of the greatest of luxuries on board ship. A charming, little, playful kid accompanied its revered parent, which often paid us a welcome visit in our cabin! We had plenty of books, many of which belonged to the Captain, mostly interesting voyages and travels, which I think interest one more when one is actually travelling than at any other time.

In the evening, when sitting in our own quiet cabin, looking from our eight windows on the Pacific—often itself like a huge melted gold and crimson sun, so dyed with the glories of the departing orb—we heard skilful guitar-playing and excellent singing in or near the neighbouring saloon. There were two musical stewards, one particularly so, who sang almost every evening a great variety of South American and Spanish airs. One was a Brazilian—I believe from Rio—who not only played the guitar, but the castanets, admirably; the other a German.

One of the passengers was a son, I understand, of the famous hatter, Mr. Beebe, of New York, who had crossed the Atlantic with us from Liverpool in the 'Canada' steamer. He was

going out to California, I believe for the second or third time, on a great hat-speculation. I fancy thousands of those useful articles were on their way to the golden land, so well selected to please all tastes and suit all fashions, that, if I am rightly informed, he has reason to hope when he arrives all will take off their hats to him, and—put his on.

After a pleasant voyage we arrived at Payta, and there we saw the French frigate 'L'Algérie' at anchor. Presently Monsieur F——, the Commodore, was good enough to come and pay us a visit, and invite us to go on board the frigate. He proposed our first landing to see Payta, which we had not done satisfactorily before. We were soon ready, and took our places in the beautiful French man-of-war's boat. The men were a very fine sailor-like set, and seemed as thorough Jack-tars as even our own John Bulls (or rather *Jack* Bulls); they looked as clean and healthy as possible.

We glided rapidly along, and soon landed on that most barren of shores. M. F—— pointed out to us a number of balsas that were hard by. A young French gentleman was lately drowned

there, but I do not accurately remember the circumstances; it was, however, in landing at this place.

I was anxious to go and thank in person the British Consul for the fine cherimoyas he had the goodness to send me when we were here before. I was truly sorry that, as I was not sure the 'New World' would stop at Payta, I had brought no fruit or other offering from Lima in return for his thoughtful attention.

We walked through rather a curious-looking street, and before long, after visiting the market-place, found ourselves near Mr. Higgenson's house, who came out to meet us, and we crossed a handsome court, and soon found ourselves in a cool, airy room. It was very early in the morning, and Mr. Higgenson's daughter was not yet up. I am told she is a very handsome and accomplished person, uniting Anglo-Saxon with Peruvian charms; for Mrs. Higgenson was a lady of Payta.

The consul was a little severe on our steamer, for he likened its appearance (he had never seen one of that peculiar construction before) to that of a great dead whale floating helplessly along.

After sitting a little while, we took leave of the hospitable consul, who wished us to stay to breakfast there; but we declined, for we had but little time.

Walking a short distance through the town, we saw a great number of animals laden with provisions and water, that had just come in from the country. I cannot describe to you the singular appearance of this town, with a desert round it sterile as the Great Zahara; but the inhabitants are, as I before informed you, extremely well supplied with all the necessaries, and even luxuries of life. My pet aversion, the ambrosial cherimoya, with its comprehensive flavour (according to its admirers) of strawberries, papaus, nectarines, cream and custard, in this neighbourhood has arrived at the very climax of perfection. Numbers of Indians from the country were to be seen, attired in their own peculiar costume; the women with long, glossy, black plaits of hair, streaming from under their Guayaquil hats, and sometimes with immense black ponchos hanging considerably below their knees.

How cruelly was this race treated of old by the Spanish conquerors, and after the conquest by

those placed in authority over them. And yet the Spanish nation, truly generous and chivalrous, and the Spanish Kings, were not to blame; but that terrible and devouring thirst for gold, which seized on all the early colonists, and hardened them, as cupidity and the worship of Mammon only can, till their hearts were petrified, and their natural feelings of mercy and justice obliterated.

It is said that various humane edicts and ordinances, which issued from the throne, were practically set entirely at nought in the colonies. "Los repartimientos," a most unjust system of taxation was established, and pushed to the utmost. In nearly all the districts, the corregidors from Spain had scarcely any settled salary, and lived on what they wrung from the wretched natives.

As far as the Indians were concerned, these functionaries were monopolists of the sale of all the necessaries and all the comforts of existence. The corregidor, when he went his round of visitation to the different hamlets in the part of the country under his jurisdiction, carried with him all such articles, bought at extravagant prices

from the Lima merchants, and the Indians were allowed neither to choose nor to remonstrate. These beardless aborigines were compelled to purchase razors; their wives, who desired no veil but their own abundant long hair, which streamed over their shoulders and down their backs, had mantillas forced upon them, and so forth; and the unfortunate people were obliged to perform a certain amount of work (according to the sum owed) to pay the corregidor whatever price he chose to set on his often utterly useless wares, and a tax for the Crown besides.

The time within which this task was to be completed, depended on the tyrannical fancies or necessities of the corregidors; and it frequently happened that, wholly unable to comply with the hard conditions imposed upon them, and to fulfil the unmerciful tasks their despotic masters sought to exact from their unequal strength and impoverished energies, they sent deputations to the Spanish Viceroy, entreating him to have compassion on them, and to protect them from their unfeeling oppressors. But long ere their humble plaints

could reach the Viceroy's ears, the crafty corregidors had contrived to tell their own tale, in their own way; to exaggerate the non-compliance of the poor natives, and to plead right and custom, and the most imperative necessity for their unjustifiable extortions. In short, they continually not only escaped all censure and punishment themselves, but artfully managed to have the wretched aborigines severely chastised for presumed insubordination and rebellion.

In 1780 the Indians, driven to desperation by continued despotism and oppression, and seeing no other chance of deliverance from the hateful system that was grinding them to the dust, openly rebelled. Their chief was named Tupac Amaru. The first act of their insurrectionary violence was the indiscriminate slaughter of the justly unpopular corregidors, together with other colonists, whenever and wherever they could accomplish their destruction.

The troops of Peru and of Buenos Ayres were united together to put an end to this unexpected rebellion. A savage war desolated the entire country for three years, during which

gloomy period, horrible barbarities, calling forth fearful retaliations, were but too often practised; and all was fury, rapine, hatred and revenge.

At length Tupac Amaru was taken prisoner, and condemned to suffer death. The fallen warrior was ignominiously dragged to the place where he was sentenced to be executed; and before his horror-stricken eyes, the miserable man was forced to see his wife and children pitilessly butchered. He was then subjected to shameful and inhuman tortures, and finally torn into quarters by four horses.

There was another unjust institution called the Mita, but its operation was chiefly confined to Potosi. Every able-bodied male was forced to labour for the space of a year in the mines, and at the farms the females, in the same manner, were obliged to work to acquire for their masters a certain specified and agreed-upon profit within the assigned period, beyond the sum required for their own subsistence; but, as it too often happened that their strength originally was not equal to comply exactly with the terms of their contract, or that they became enfeebled and incapacitated from severe drudgery,

they frequently could not work out the stipulated sum in time, and thus incurred a debt to their master, and were forced to labour on as slaves to liquidate it.

Instead of diminishing, this debt very often was enlarged, and the poor wretches then remained positive slaves for the rest of their natural lives; and if death set them free, the wives and children they left behind them were mercilessly seized, and obliged to go on with the task which they had failed to finish.

The food of these unhappy beings was bad and scanty, more especially in the manufactories; and the over-worked sufferers were locked up from dawn till night, and cruelly flogged if their inhuman task-masters were not satisfied with the amount of the work done, or detected any carelessness in the execution of it.

It is really terrible to reflect on such scenes of merciless tyranny on the one side, and of pitiable degradation on the other: but such was the gentle Mita, and its operation and results. It is easy to imagine that the greater part of

those to whose fate it fell to labour thus severely, suffered deeply in health, and in countless cases their strength was utterly worn out, and their constitutions irremediably shattered, by the time their terrible tasks were accomplished, so that probably scarcely one in a dozen survived to return to their humble homes.

The aboriginal population of Peru, at the time of the conquest, was stated to be about six millions. In 1796 a census was taken, and the number was then 608,899. Since then, till the War of Independence, and the Emancipation, the pure Indian population, it appears, gradually continued to diminish.

Those Indians who live beyond Peru, to the eastward of the mountains, are said not yet to be civilized or reclaimed, although in particular places they submitted to the Missionaries and Jesuits; and most of the tribes within the vast empire of the Brazils, with the exception of a small number on the banks of the giant Amazon river, are as wild and thoroughly uncultivated as on the day when Columbus first discovered the Western World.

But I am prosing sadly about the poor Indians. Will the reader forgive me, and even let me have a few last words about fair, beautiful, and far-famed Peru?

CHAPTER XII.

PERU—HER INTERNAL COMMUNICATION—HER FORTS AND COAST—PERUVIAN AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTURES OF INLAND PERU—COMMERCE OF PERU—HER COMMODITIES—HER TRADE—HER GOVERNMENT—HER RELIGION—PERUVIAN FERTILITY—MINERAL RESOURCES—ANIMALS—CATTLE—THE FACE OF THE COUNTRY—THE ANDES—RIVERS AND LAKES OF PERU—HER COASTS.

PERU labours under very considerable disadvantages, with regard to inland communication.

The elevated plateaux and table-lands, separated by deeply-embosomed valleys, and the gigantic mountains that intervene between the coast and the table-land, render travelling tedious and difficult. Roads and bridges, in many parts,

are entirely wanting; and in places where rude and scarcely-distinguishable paths are found, they lie along the perilous edges of overhanging and rugged precipices, perpendicularly steep; and these tracks, moreover, are almost always so dangerously narrow, that the sure-footed mule can alone tread them with any security.

Those travellers who can afford it are usually carried on the backs of Indians: they are borne along in this way often for a fortnight or three weeks together, over paths that lead zig-zagging along, among rocks and steeps to all appearance inaccessible, and through uninhabited wildernesses and unbroken forests.

The means of necessary internal communication, however, are more carefully attended to, in regions that lie lower; and I am informed that the Government are giving their attention—please Revolutionists and Pronunciados—to a general system of road-making. Perhaps, in time—as engineering difficulties are despised and defied in these days, and as the first railroad has already been commenced under Government auspices in the country—the Peruvians will connect their chief cities by means of railroads,

and join in the mighty march of the royal progress of nations.

A few rather strong forts protect the commerce of Peru on the seaboard, and perhaps a couple of small war-steamers complete the defensive powers of the nation. As for the standing army, it is generally asserted, by persons of more experience than myself on such matters, to be formed of such materials, and so inferior in discipline, &c., as to be useless in case of foreign invasion, and perhaps worse than useless in case of domestic dissension.*

However ill-provided the Peruvians may be with artificial means of defence against foreign foes, their coast presents powerful natural features for protecting the country. Huge rocky walls, almost perpendicular, and towering cliffs,

* We left all our friends at Lima very apprehensive of the riots and excesses of the next presidential election, which is now beginning to be much thought of. They tell me, they generally on such occasions have their houses barricaded and closed, and are obliged to imprison themselves strictly the whole time. Robberies, massacres, and violences are said to be of continual occurrence there. I only repeat what I was told, and would gladly believe such statements exaggerated.

there stand like Nature's fortresses. All the powers of the earth might be defied with proper management and method. Were the Peruvians in general like the Swiss, they might perhaps keep the world at bay; but where so many of them are composed of the indolent, passive, Indian tribes, they are not likely ever to imitate the independent example of these sturdy and hardy mountaineers.

Agriculture in Peru, by all accounts, is still almost in its infancy; and in general the implements used in husbandry are of rude and simple construction. Their system of farming is commonly altogether primitive and unmethodical. They drive their corn and sugar mills generally by means of oxen, overlooking the advantages of wind and water.

The natives of Peru have a good deal of quickness and ingenuity, though their arts and manufactures, speaking in general, are susceptible of very great improvement. There are beautiful ponchos of extraordinary fineness made in the district of Tarma; thick and excellent blankets on the table-lands, as well as other articles. In the valleys, cow-hides are made

into travelling-cases, for hammocks, or for beds and bedding; and goat-skins into what are called cordovans: mats used for carpeting are manufactured from rushes, and packing-cords from a native plant.

Inland Peru is celebrated for its exquisite silver filagree-work: this is chiefly made at Huamanca, and is perhaps unparalleled for beauty, delicacy, and durability; but in a general way, the United States and Europe, in the principal towns, supersede with their manufactures, to a great extent, the less-finished productions of the natives; and in exchange for gold and silver—or raw material—these are plentifully supplied to Peru.

The commerce of the country has lately materially increased, during a temporary lull of foreign and domestic disturbance. Of the export trade the principal articles are the precious metals, copper, quicksilver, and tin and other metals. While Mexico was under the necessity of sending to Europe for mercury, Peru boasted of a good supply of her own at the mines of Huanca-Velica, one portion of which for two centuries produced yearly three thousand quintals; but

such was the state of affairs in Peru in the years '37 and '38, that the quicksilver sold at two hundred to two hundred and twenty dollars per quintal, while in London, at the same period, it was sold at sixty-five dollars. The working of the mines were then naturally suspended; but now the mining operations have been revived by private companies, and thus some of the richest quicksilver mines in the known world are as productive again as ever.

The ancient Peruvians formerly used vermillion or red lead in their coloured delineations, but I know not if it is still found there. Peruvian bark and various kinds of plants for medicinal purposes are also exported; drugs, precious woods, and gums of different descriptions; hides, tallow, &c.; seal, chincilli, and other skins; cotton and wool, and other articles of less value.

Peruvian wool is considered to be equal to English, but it is customary to export it in a very dirty condition, which occasions it to be sold at a reduced price. South Peru supplies the largest quantity, but the vicuna and alpaca are reckoned the best. Cotton is exported from

Payta, Islay, and Arica, but the annual quantity is said not to be above thirty thousand quintals.

Of late, saltpetre has become an article of considerable trade. It is said that each successive year now manifests a rather large increase in the amount of exports. The imports into the republic are of great variety, and are chiefly from the United States and Great Britain; France and Germany have, however, of late introduced a greatly-increased number of their respective wares.

Probably Peru for some length of time will continue to receive vast quantities of foreign-manufactured goods, more particularly those of the more delicate and finished descriptions, while the different exporting nations in exchange for these will be not disadvantageously repaid through the resources of the enormous mineral wealth of that highly-favoured country.*

In the year 1847 the trade between the United States and Peru amounted to the follow-

* The total imports in 1840 amounted to 10,100,000 dollars, the total exports to 9,741,733 dollars.

ing numbers: exports from the United States to Peru, 192,978 dollars; exports from Peru received in the United States, 396,223 dollars.—But enough of commercial statistics.

The Peruvian constitution, established finally in 1839, recognises distinctly executive, legislative and judicial functions, which are thoroughly independent of, and separate from, each other. The government, as you know, is founded on popular supremacy and democratic principles. The President's term of service is for six years, and to him the executive power is delegated, by Congress.

There is not, as in the United States, a Vice-President; but the president of the executive council succeeds to the presidency in the event of death or dismissal from office This council consists of the ministers and of members of the senate. In a senate and assembly chosen from the people through electoral colleges, resides the legislative power. The representatives are thus apportioned;—one for every twenty thousand inhabitants.

Judges are appointed by the executive, and

are irremovable except for ill conduct. The constitution provides for the several subjudiciaries, and nominates justices having separate qualifications for the departments, the districts, towns and parishes. The operations of the courts are said to be carried on with impartiality and honour. But among the indispensable qualifications of a Peruvian judge, knowledge of the law is said not to rank; and through the want of the necessary learning on the part of the lawyers and the arbitrator, the most grave injuries are not unfrequently inflicted unintentionally on the unlucky applicant.

The established religion is Roman Catholic, and none besides is tolerated. An Archbishop and several suffragans preside over the church. The archiepiscopalian residence is at Lima. The church is stated to be enormously wealthy, and to have amassed vast amounts of property from devout donors.

Literature is generally believed to be in a state of steady, but slowly-progressive development. Enlightened and superior education is limited

to a certain number of the whites: the Indians and negroes seldom learn anything more than the business of their confined and simple transactions demands.

As to the fertility of Peru, independently of its fine and tropical climate, which allows it to be fruitful in nearly all the vegetable productions of the East and of the West Indies—the elevation of its various mountains, as in Mexico, causes the plants and the fruits of all climes and latitudes to grow to perfection within its extensive limits. Rice, sugar, tobacco, cocoa, yams, sweet potatoes, &c., are cultivated in the warmer situations; while in the colder, are wheat, the vine and quinoa (chenopodium quinoa). The grapes are good, but the wine made from them is indifferent.

Maize is cultivated, and forms the common diet of the population. The dried leaf of the erythroxylon coca is much used by Peruvians for chewing, as the betel is in the East. A kind of melancholy madness, Pœppig says, is brought on by its use; but other authorities are of opinion that it produces no deleterious effects. The chinchona, or Peruvian bark, is indigenous

and in great abundance: it grows at the elevation of ten or twelve thousand feet, and abounds mostly in the provinces of the north.

Like those of Mexico, the mineral resources of Peru are universally believed to be inexhaustible. The entire country is one mighty mound of incalculable mineral wealth; the rivers, and streams, and mountains are glittering and sparkling with gold, with silver, and with precious stones. It is stated that the greater part of the mines actually being worked at present, are situated in the Cerro de Pisco in the Junin department; but I hear their amount of produce has considerably fallen off since the last revolutionary troubles, which left behind them so much anarchy, and such a depressing sense of doubt and insecurity. M'Culloch is inclined to estimate the average annual value of the mines of gold and silver of Peru at from seven to seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling.

Peruvian animals do not differ much from those of other parts of South America. The American lion or puma; the uturuncu (a kind of tiger); a black bear that inhabits the moun-

tains; the skunk; a number of varieties of deer, armadillos, and bears, &c., are among the catalogue of Peruvian wild animals, and are hunted by the natives. The llama, vicuna, alpaca and guanaco, and many others, are either used as beasts of burden, or are prized for their skin and wool. In the rivers are alligators. Reptiles are not so abundant or troublesome as nearer the Equator.

The cattle of Peru are not particularly large, but yet are on an equality with the generality of those in Great Britain and Belgium. The meat is generally tender, well-flavoured, and juicy, especially when fed on Lucerne grass. The bones are very small. In the mountains, black cattle thrive well, but rapidly pine, fall away, and die on the low lands of the coast. Mules and horses are usually of an ordinary size, but goats, swine, &c., grow very large in Peru, and are reckoned of a superior sort.

Sheep, of all foreign animals acclimated in Peru, seem to some to have succeeded the best. At an elevation of twelve or fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the vast commons and pasture-grounds of the Andes,

they have increased to an extraordinary degree. On the coast but few sheep are bred, but during particular months, vast flocks are driven from the interior, and fattened for the market of Lima. A usual bargain between the drovers and the farmers is to give the lambs for the pasturage, the latter calculating on receiving one hundred and fifty lambs from every hundred ewes.

In addition to this increase, which surpasses that in England, there are lambs twice a year, commonly in June and December. Hitherto little care has been taken by the breeders to improve the wool, but this is fast becoming here an increased article of export. More attention, without doubt, will be speedily drawn to the subject.

This fertile country has on the north the republic of the Ecuador; on the south and south-east it is bounded by Bolivia, and on the east by the vast empire of the Brazils, the Pacific being on the west. Its greatest length from S.S.E. to N.N.W. is calculated to be about fifteen hundred miles, and its breadth varies much; at some parts it is six hundred miles.

Its estimated area is five hundred thousand square miles.

The whole of the country is traversed by the Cordilleras of the Andes. The eastern range of these mountains approaches to within from thirty to a hundred miles of the Pacific coast. The country is naturally divided into three separate regions; consisting firstly, of the slope between the Andes and the coast; secondly, the mountain regions of the Andes themselves; thirdly, that part lying east of the Cordilleras, forming part of the great basin of the Amazon.

These divisions are all very dissimilar in character. Between the Tumbez river and the Leche, the coast region is almost a desert—that is to say, where it is not traversed by streams, or is not susceptible of artificial irrigation: in such parts it is principally composed of arid, sandy and sterile wastes, and is barren and desolate. Immediately upon the coast lie all the principal settlements made by the Spaniards.

The Andes in Peru consist of two main chains or Cordilleras, in different parts con-

nected by intersecting ranges, and enclosing various extensive and splendid valleys. A mighty cluster of mountains rear their lofty crests around Cuzco, occupying probably three times the extent of Switzerland. Around Pasco (in latitude 13° south) is another knot that surrounds the plain of Bombon, thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the level of the ocean, and in which are found the productive and valuable silver mines of the Cerro Pasco.

The loftiest summits of the Peruvian Andes are towards the south, where the Nevada da Chuquibamba reaches to twenty-one thousand feet in height. Several others, surrounding the noble valley of Desaguadero, may also approach nearly to this elevation, indeed some may equal or transcend it. In Peru, the west Cordillera is the loftiest at the mountain knot of Pasco, the Andes separating into three collateral chains, which proceeding northward, divide the basins of the Maranon, Huallaga, and Ucayale. The last range of the Andes to the east, in Peru, extends between the sixth and fifteenth parallels, to a distance varying from two to four

hundred miles from the Pacific, and divides the basin of the Ucayale from those of the Yavari, Beni, and other affluxes to the mighty Amazon.

The space called the Sierra, which is enclosed between the colossal ridges of the Western and Eastern Cordilleras, is in some parts occupied by mountains and sterile rocks; in others, by table-lands, on which grows a short fine grass, and by a considerable tract of hilly pasture-ground; and in other parts, again, by fertile and extensive valleys, that formerly supported a large population.

The country east of the Cordilleras, the third region, is still comparatively unknown. It is almost buried in forests, all but impenetrable, and apparently interminable, and can hardly with justice be said to be a part of Peru, being occupied solely by a few devoted missionaries and by tribes of independent Indians.

In the great Peruvian Andes, the mightiest and largest rivers in the world have their source. The Tunguragua, regarded in general as the proper source of that sublime river the Amazon, and its vast and majestic confluents, Huallaga

and Ucayale, the latter of which is formed by the junction of the Paro river with the Apurimac, have their sources on the eastern side of the western chain of the Cordilleras, and flow through, with many tortuous windings, in a northerly direction, until they pass the boundaries of the country.

These mighty rivers are mostly navigable, and with the desirable assistance of steam navigation, without doubt, ere a lengthened period has elapsed, they will carry the wealth of this distant region across the continent to the ports of the Atlantic Ocean.

Peru has but few lakes, but boasts that of Titicaca, which is the largest and most elevated lake in the whole of South America. This, however, is partly in the neighbouring country of Bolivia, being enclosed by the Cordilleras, south of the table-land of Cuzco. It is remarkably irregular in its outline: a number of headlands divide it into a main body of oblong shape, and several subsidiary portions. Its height above the sea is about 12,795 feet, and its area 4000 square miles, and in many places it is reported to be 500 feet deep. Many small

mountainous islands are contained in it, and the lake takes its name, which signifies the "Leaden Mountain," from the largest. On this island, which is generally uncultivated, though extremely fertile, tradition places the first appearance of Manco Capac.

The remaining lakes in Peru are small, comparatively speaking; but are the sources from whence all the noble rivers that pursue an eastward course take their beginning. As to the rivers of the coast, they are of little account, being, shallow, small, and incapable of navigation.

The coasts are lofty and bold throughout. Some miles of a loose sandy desert intervene in the northern provinces, between the high lands and the Pacific; but generally the lofty cliffs approach close to the shore, which perhaps, in an extent of one thousand six hundred miles, has not a dozen really secure harbours. Of these the best are Callao, Payta, Salina, Sechura, Pisco, Islay, and some few others. Lambayeque and Truxillo have merely open roadsteads. Vessels are obliged to go within a quarter of

a mile before they can anchor, and the terrific swell that rolls with unbroken force from the vast Pacific, causes a prodigious and perilous surf.

CHATPER XIII.

DEPARTURE FROM PERU—ON BOARD THE 'NEW WORLD'—THE NAUTICAL LADIES—CHIMBORAZO AND COTOPAXI—THE VOLCANOES OF THE CORDILLERA—CRATER OF COTOPAXI—A NARROW ESCAPE—ARRIVAL AT PANAMA—AN AMATEUR CONCERT—DEPARTURE FROM PANAMA—SCENE OCCASIONED BY A DEAD MULE—BADNESS OF THE ROAD—ARRIVAL AT CRUCES.

ONCE more we are in the French man-of-war's boat, taking our leave of balsas, cherimoyas, and the shores of Peru.

Before we started we met a gentleman who informed us the American steamer was going almost immediately; so we gave up visiting 'L'Algérie;' but we went close to her, and beautiful she looked and in perfect order; and then we

hastened to our disparaged and maligned steamer, which reminded us, instead of a dead whale, of the river-palaces of the Missisippi, full of life and power.

With much regret we took leave of Monsieur F——, and sent by him a message to say, how sorry we were not to see again his charming wife. I can never forget their amiability and cordial kindness. Indeed having met them will ever be among the most pleasant recollections of my travel.

On going on board the 'New World,' we found we were going to take a little turn for an hour or two, to give some nautical recreation to two or three Paytian ladies, who were friends of the American Consul's family. Had we known this, we might have staid and visited Madame F—— and 'L'Algérie.' They all came on board in high glee; but we had not proceeded far ere we heard many dolorous plaints from these inexperienced voyagers: their heads ached with the motion of the ship: they were giddy: "Se maréa Vm., Señoritas." "Es el primer viaje, Caballero!" Soon after they were obliged to confess they did not feel superlatively well, and

seemed to wish the Captain to land them at once, though it was not easy in the middle of the water. "Despáchese V. vamos!" to the Captain. This, however, was also difficult. The steamer had coals on board to serve her as far as San Francisco (Captain W—— said he had never seen a vessel so deep in the water), and her movements thereby were not accelerated.

Finding they must take it philosophically, the ladies of Payta behaved like heroines, rallied one another on their bad sailorship, and laughed away their discomfort. "Qué tertulia tan alegre!" "Si, pero—a fé mia me maréo." "Vaya, vaya, una idea, Conchita!" The Captain, too, assures them it is only fancy—they are quite mistaken. Ah! the "Norte Americanos" are so funny! and they laugh—how they laugh!—in a pretty, silvery-sounding chorus, and then stop to ask the Captain if a storm has not come on (it is as smooth as a mirror). But great is the delight when they near Payta again! Then they suddenly feel overwhelmed with the charms and pleasures of their little voyage, though it was so "borrascoso,—Ah!

habia peligro de naufragar." They don't feel *quite* sure they have not been down to the bottom and back again; the "Capitan" tells them they are perfect sailors; he would ask no better wife than the Señorita Conchita, born to be a "skipperina." Ah, Capitan! our voyage has been charming—"a las mil maravillas! pero—que prodigio!" They never saw Payta look half so beautiful before: the land looked lovely, quite so! paradisiacally charming, positively! (such an Arabia Petrea as it was!)

At last they trip, with their white-satined little feet, into the boat, and I doubt not laughed right merrily during their happy disembarkation. But perhaps after this first trial they will take courage to make a voyage to Guayaquil next time, especially as they so nobly braved such awful terrors and sea-sickness.

And now indeed farewell to Peru. Does the reader remember the curious island I mentioned, not far from Guayaquil, bearing resemblance to a corpse? We were not to stop at Guayaquil, and I had no idea we should go near the land; but by chance looking out of my cabin-window —it was quite early in the morning—I beheld

that singular isle not far off, and knew it again instantaneously.

We were then near Guayaquil. Bright and lovely grew the morning, as we sped on; extraordinarily clear grew the air; and, oh! delight! there were the giant mountains. There stood glorious old Chimborazo, once supposed to be the highest mountain in the world, but now a dethroned king, yet very monarch-like still; shining with its never-melted snows, as if, like Shelley's Moon, it was "with white fire laden"—and those white fires seemed to brighten the very daylight around.

I imagine another mighty mountain I saw, that seemed towering almost as high, was Cotopaxi; so I have been told, at least, since, they were both visible that morning. Chimborazo is supposed by some authors, to be an extinguished volcano; if so, perhaps some day the Moon of Snow that crowns its gigantic peak, will be melted by the terrific fires that are pent up in its unfathomable and awful caverns, and the huge mountain will return to its dangerous activity, and recover from its long-continued trance of "suspended animation."

As to their geological structure, the great thickness and extent of the porphyritic and schistose rock, are said to be the only phenomena by which the Andes are distinguished from the mountains of Europe. The crest of the Andes is universally covered with basalts, porphyries, green stone and clink stone. Divided into columns, these rocks look at a distance like vast assemblages of dilapidated and pinnacled towers. Without any admixture, the porphyries of Chimborazo are eleven thousand four hundred feet in thickness; and the pure quartz to the west of Caxamarca is nine thousand feet, and the sandstone of the neighbourhood of Cuenca, four thousand eight hundred feet; while granite and primitive limestone in Europe, I believe, constitute the summits of mountain chains.

Some of the volcanoes of the Cordillera throw out scorified rocks, or water, and often clay, with a mixture of carbon and sulphur. The most elevated of the mountains of the Andes from which in late years there have been eruptions, is Cotopaxi. Its height is 18,890 feet. This volcano in 1758, shot its formidable flames to a height of 2,700 feet

above the edge of the crater. In the eruption of 1744, its roaring was heard in Honda at a distance of two hundred leagues.

The eruption of 1803 was preceded by an awful phenomenon. The snows covering the mountain suddenly melted. For above twenty years no distinguishable vapour or cloud of smoke had risen from the crater; but in one night the subterranean fire had so rapidly done its work, that the outward walls of the cone were heated till they had become bare, and exhibited the black colour that belongs to vitrified scoriæ. Humboldt heard at the port of Guayaquil, fifty-two leagues from the edge of the crater, the roaring of Cotopaxi day and night, like almost continual discharges of artillery.

By degrees we began to advance a little quicker, as our coal somewhat diminished. We fell in with the English steamer, and the Captain tried to speak her, but in vain. It was in the evening, and at first we thought we saw lights on shore, and fancied that we must be near the coast, but we soon observed that those lights changed their bearings, and saw that it must be a ship.

Soon after, the Captain sent us down word that it was the English mail steamer. Cosmopolite as I am, to a certain extent,—I felt that that steamer looked like a little bit of our "fatherland," sailing as we were on the great Pacific in an American ship—though under the shadow of the stars and stripes I always feel at home, "un poco mas o menos," as the Mexicans so often say.

One morning a huge shark, that had been pertinaciously following our vessel, was caught, but the floundering monster got loose again. We saw a great number of whales another day, spouting up splendid fountains of water: it was a beautiful sight.

We had an alarm, which did not, however, last long, one night. We had been watching the beautiful phosphorescence on the cloven waters, when, on a sudden, the bell was rung sharply and violently, and almost immediately the engine stopped. Soon, very soon after, we saw from the cabin windows an enormous black object drifting by, so close that we fancied it must touch the side of the steamer. It was a ship. She had crossed our track, and a col-

lision was avoided by a mere hair's breadth. I think I have not yet spoken of the extraordinary fog-banks we saw on our previous voyage. Really we could hardly believe that it was not land, an immense island, that we were looking at.

On our voyage we saw one or two huge merchant ships, walking the waters gloriously indeed; one especially of great size, with all her sails set, that looked like a perfect castle of canvas. Then we had glorious Pacific sunsets and sun-risings, and splendid weather almost the whole way.

At length we found ourselves once more in the Bay of Panama. We felt quite sorry to leave our beautiful and comfortable cabin; and I shall always feel grateful to the Captain of the 'New World,' for his obliging civilities and attentions towards us. We stopped only a day or two at Panama, where, according to a previous invitation, we remained under the hospitable roof of the English Consul.

I was very anxious to get our muling, and canoeing over, as the rainy season was becoming worse and worse. I also longed to reach

Jamaica, to possess myself of the dear home-letters I expected to find there. Mules were quickly secured; and first Monday, but afterwards, from some unavoidable delay, Tuesday was appointed for our transit across the isthmus.

A pleasant little amateur concert took place at Mr. P——'s, the second evening we were there. We met again our amiable French friends. Some English ladies, and Mrs. L——, a lady of New Granada, married to the English Vice-Consul, were there too, Mrs. L——, with a nice little girl, one of her numerous children, who seemed hardly to understand English. The child appeared passionately fond of music, and remained as if glued to the piano-forte. Madame H——o most kindly lent us side-saddles for our ride, which materially contributed to our comfort.

The morning we were to start, the prepayment for the mules occupied some little time—no slight affair when you have to pay eighty or ninety dollars in French franc pieces, which we had to do at Panama. After this was satisfactorily concluded (the price, however,

having been raised on account of the dreadful state of the roads), we were preparing to start, when Mr. P——, who with his daughter was kindly intending to ride a few miles with us, was hastily summoned to give his advice with respect to a poor sailor, who had just broken his leg in an English ship in the harbour. He was sent, without any unnecessary delay, to the hospital. Poor fellow! perhaps he had gone unharmed through many a savage tempest to meet with so serious a misfortune in the peaceful harbour.

At last we started, and rode gently through the streets and plazas of Panama, which reminded me, among other ruined places, of beautiful Messina, which we saw almost directly after it had suffered from a third bombardment during the last revolutionary troubles of Sicily. Yet was Panama lovely, as if dilapidation became it. We had quite a gay cavalcade: Mr. P—— on a beautiful horse, Miss P—— ditto, young M. H——o, who amiably came also to accompany us a little way out of the city, and M. Santa Maria, to whom the mules belonged, who was to go with us himself the whole way to Cruces.

M. H——o (by his friends always called Pepe, the diminutive, as I am informed, of José) was on a fiery steed, which he was trying, I believe, for the first time. We were all gently cantering on, having just left the suburbs of the city behind us, when his horse became restive, and played all sorts of curious antics; waltzing round without partner or music, and performing many other eccentricities. He was obliged to leave us, which took much from the picturesqueness of our cavalcade, for his wild-looking, plunging, prancing-about courser, that "*caracoleared*" so finely, and his gay poncho streaming from his shoulders, and all the handsome Panamamian accoutrements, that made him look so South American, or rather so like a Spanish caballero merely a little South Americanized,—were not a sight to be seen every day.

We were already at a good distance from Panama, and soon after our kind friends, Mr. and Miss P——, said good-bye to us; and on we journeyed, finding the sun terrifically hot, and glad to see some prospect of shade a-head, and wondering whether this was really a rainy season; (soon we were convinced)! A miserable looking

man, on a miserable looking mule, was following the same road we were (to Cruces), Mr. P—— had entered into a little conversation with him, and the poor emaciated being told him he had just come from California, from the mines, where he suffered greatly from exposure, and from standing up to his waist in water often, till it brought on a particular kind of paralysis that is said to be very common at the Californian mines, and incurable.

We had stopped for ten minutes or so, to take leave of our friends, and the poor, wretched object on a mule, that looked as if it also had been disappointed in California, and was returning in starvation and disgust, with its long-eared head almost bowed to the ground, had got the start of us. Not very long afterwards, at a very narrow part of the road, where it ran between two walls of slippery cliffs, this very mule, dead, and obstructing the path, was displayed to the horror-struck eyes of his quadruped relations. "Arré," shrieked the mozos. There was scarcely any room for them to step on one side, and the banks were too steep for the laden mules to climb; but they refused to

pass over their fallen fellow-creature. They *would not* trample on their brother, laid low in the dust, —O! mule, mule, how unlike art thou to man!

Then ensued a scene that baffles all powers of description. We were first alarmed by the leading baggage-mule charging back upon us, with his eyes starting out of his head, and looking perfectly mad with terror and horror. Then the others caught sight of the dreaded object, and were equally horrified with the fugleman of their party. Again and again the yelling muleteers and mozos strove to drive them over the obstruction; shrieks, blows, shouts, gesticulations, thrusts, threats, all were in vain. Such a *mêlée* of men and mules, legs, arms, sticks, tails, trunks, heels, long ears, shoes, sombreros and portmanteaus I never beheld, and the scene and the noise were appalling.

All seemed in vain. I don't know which appeared the maddest, the mules or the men; the worst of all, perhaps, was poor Señor Santa Maria,—the mozos drove (or tried to drive) the mules, and he drove the mozos. As to the mules, the poor, insane creatures, snorting, trembling, plunging, and half jumping one

over the other, seemed as if they could not overcome their terror, and their intense aversion to touch the body of their lifeless companion. The men tried to drag the dead mule up the steep banks, but they could not manage it, so the battle recommenced.

At the beginning of the fray, with the most extraordinary intrepidity, I had—run away. Now if the reader thinks this paradoxical, let me inform him that it required some courage, not being a fly, to clamber up the sides of a perpendicular precipice of glass, for such pretty nearly was the wall of rock on either side of us. I was not alone in this act of glorious valour. We all, by common consent, slipped from our saddles at the same moment, and scrambled up that horrible bank; it would have been perishing very ignominiously to be squeezed flat between two of our own trunks, and kicked out of the world by refractory mules.

As for the mules, they submitted at last: probably, however, they had so lost their mulish senses in the confusion, that they did not know which way they were going. I saw some of them taking a mad flying leap over their poor fallen

fellow-brute, and the others instinctively followed. Señor Santa Maria informed us afterwards, not a single mule touched the body of the dead one, not even the heaviest laden. There is something very touching, I think, in the respect shown by the poor animals for their fellow comrade, and for death.

We passed afterwards many other dead mules, but none that had died, poor fellows, so inconveniently as that one. It was just in the most narrow and difficult pass of the route. Poor things! that horribly bad road tries their strength so dreadfully! They are generally dragged on one side of the pathway; and except from the shocking stench, they caused us no annoyance. What became of the unfortunate paralytic Californian we never knew.

At one place where we stopped to let the mules drink — a very wild, romantic-looking spot—there was a number of natives crouched under the trees, talking and laughing. One, who was huddled up all of a heap, appeared as if he had no particular features or form of his own, looking, as uncouth people do sometimes, as if he was merely a fortuitous concourse of

atoms; he bore evidently a strong dislike to the Americans. "Ah! Yankis! ah! Yankis! Go-head! Aha! Go! come! ho! head-ago!" he kept calling out, and repeatedly mimicking and caricaturing some one pushing impatiently along. I remember almost the same thing happened on our first visit to the isthmus.

The road was execrable. Imagine the great wall of China pulled down over it, and scattered in huge blocks and rugged fragments along it, in all possible irregularity and confusion; and occasionally rushing streams swollen by the rain, dashing and roaring across the rocky road, through which the careful mules half-waded, half-swam. At times you have to clamber up and down a curious kind of steep staircase or rocky ladder, half-natural and half-artificial, some short, some long, but all prodigiously rugged and rough, and startling us with their apparent impracticability.

We progressed tediously along from one "pantano" (marsh, or pool) to another. My mule, though a very good one, fell and scrambled up again three times; luckily for me, I kept on the saddle. I generally went first, and thus had

to experimentalize and choose the road. The patience and prudence of the mules are extreme. They will stand sometimes in a brown study, pondering over the path, and then seem to feel their way as if their hoofs were hands.

We suddenly encountered at a narrow turn in the road, some extraordinary looking affairs; some like gibbets, others like fittings for a theatre, benches lumber, railings, posts, &c.; and the men-mules, who were carrying them, seemed sorely fatigued. We saw afterwards other parts of the same huge nondescript laid by the side of the path; I suppose temporarily, till the peons had rested. These belonged to a travelling circus of an American (Colonel Somebody, whose name I forget), *en route* to Panama.

As to the rain, I cannot give any idea of it: it found its cataract-like way through the thick-woven boughs of the forest, and almost washed us from our mules where it was more open. Do not be afraid of having any long descriptions of the beauty of scenery on the way to Cruces; through that curtain and wall of water, nothing was to be seen. It is like going behind the falling sheet of Niagara, I

think, only *there* you are comparatively dry. What a procession of mermaids on horseback—I mean muleback—we were. The holes our poor mules plunged in and out of, are frightful to think of even at this distance! Mine came down into them several times, but extricated himself and regained his legs again. These were not the regular serious tumbles, but only little extra variations and pastimes, *pour passer le temps.*

It was partly a subterraneous ride, such caverns and chasms did we go groping among. Scrambling in and out of these places made us about twice as long as we should have been under other circumstances. Indeed, it pretty nearly doubled the distance; and by the time we arrived at Cruces, it had been dusk about half an hour. Our mules had proved excellent ones; and in taking leave of their civil master, we complimented him much on his animals.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOTEL AT CRUCES — A FELONIOUS CAT — THE NEW GRANADIAN GENTLEMEN — PROGRESS TOWARDS CHAGRES — LIGHTNING, THUNDER, AND RAIN — ARRIVAL AT CHAGRES — THE DEAD AMERICAN — QUARRELS BETWEEN AMERICANS AND THE NATIVES OF PANAMA — HUMBOLDT'S ESTIMATE OF THE INDIANS — INCREDULITY OF CALIFORNIAN EMIGRANTS — MELANCHOLY CASE OF TWO RETURNED CALIFORNIANS — A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET — ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA — KINGSTON — DESCENT OF GENERAL LOPEZ ON CUBA — STRANGE EFFECT OF IT — REVERSES OF JAMAICA PLANTERS — THE GLORIES OF NATURE — CREATION'S PRAISE, A POEM.

CRUCES is overflowing with Americans. Look at that one with (as is often the case) a paroquet on his hat, a monkey on his right shoulder, and a squirrel on his left—surely not all the riches he is going to take back to "the States"—who can doubt his being a true Connecticut Yankee, one of those who have occasionally manufactured "*Oak* pumpkin-seeds, so nateral that they actilly sprouted." These gentry almost invariably ask us, as we pass, what *State* we are from.

The little American hotel at Cruces was quite full, so we passed the night in a native house. The master was very obliging, and so were his family and servants; but the poor old man had become half crazy since his wife's death, which had occurred a short time previously. He swung in his hammock in the state room of the cane lodge incessantly—not that that, however, is any proof of madness, or the white population of South America would all need strait waistcoats; but his speech and manners were incoherent and wandering, though he tried to be civil and hospitable.

The cabin consisted of two rooms, I believe; one, the front room, which served as parlour, dining-room, dormitory, and kitchen, and one which was given up to us. We all passed a pretty good night, though a disastrous adventure happened. We had a cold chicken, which with biscuits and chocolate, was to be the next morning's repast. Soon after we retired to rest a scuffling noise was heard; a plunge and a rattling of paper, in which the inestimable chicken was wrapped, and a confused scramble. Alas! the cat had entered, and carried off at one fell swoop our intended breakfast. Jeremiads were

useless. We forgot our misfortunes in sleep, and in the morning got something to supply the place of our lost chicken, which make-shift, though not so good, yet answered pretty well.

No time was to be lost. At a very early hour in the morning I sent to engage a boat, and some owners of canoes, who I learned were very respectable people, came and agreed to take us to Chagres for what appeared to me a reasonable consideration. They promised to be at Chagres that evening, to put up a good awning, and to prepare their boat as soon as possible; I, therefore, engaged their canoe; and, as is customary in the isthmus, paid down the money.

We waited a good while, and I thought it would be better to go down to the shore, and hurry them a little by personally superintending the preparations. I found them dawdling most industriously; but by entreaties and good words, and patient, though earnest exhortations to them to bestir themselves, I accomplished my object, and soon all was ready. The awning was a far superior one to the vile trap we had before in our isthmus canoe, and all promised well.

Just before we started, two Granadian gentlemen came running down the bank with some light baggage, to hold a parley with the head-boatman, who presently afterwards came to me, and beseechingly and deprecatingly begged me to allow him to set these caballeros down at a village he named, not far down the river: without my permission, of course, he said he told them it was impossible; but they had been disappointed, I think, of a boat they had tried to get, and were anxious to avail themselves of this favourable opportunity.

Would not this much retard us, by loading the canoe so much more, I wished to know? He assured me we should not be a moment longer on account of it, and it would particularly oblige them and the caballeros if I would give my consent. I granted their request, of course as a great indulgence, and off we started, under a broiling sun at first (but that was soon changed for deluges of rain;) indeed, while I stood on the shore, superintending the construction of the awning, I thought my bonnet would almost have been burnt on my head by the intense rays of the sun.

The New Granadians soon arrived at their

destination, paid the boatmen, and thanked me very gratefully and gracefully for the permission I had accorded; and lifting their light sombreros, and murmuring a profusion of acknowledgments, away they ran up the bank, and away we sped along the winding river.

Our boatmen hurried on in the highest good humour, and apparently determined I should have no occasion to regret this simple act of complaisance. The rain was terrific.

I said our ride was a sort of subterranean grope—through such holes we burrowed along; and really our little voyage seemed a kind of submarine navigation, pleasingly diversified, however, by several awful storms of thunder and lightning; but, alas! by no coral bowers, no pearly grots—we saw, felt, heard, and were aware of nothing but rain! rain! rain! Umbrellas were a mockery and a snare. They seemed to act like positive conductors of the rain-lightnings! The very awning, which at first sheltered us, became a practical joke; waterproof cloaks, tarpaulin, &c., were mere straws for the drowning to catch at.

We felt unresuscitable by all the Humane Societies on earth. They may recover people

half or three-quarters drowned; but the utterly melted away—how could they ever restore them to substance and life? Waterproof! why it seemed to rain in to the very brain! Nothing but watery images suggested themselves—Niagaras and whirlpools, twirled mops and twisting maelstroms, Scotch mists and English picnics, doctor's strengthening draughts, St. Swithin and London milk (yclept sky-blue), soup at a French *auberge*, Whig measures, and everything wishy-washy in the world, till the great globe itself appeared to be one vast moist sponge.

It is, I believe, a fact that a man chemically speaking, is forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water, under ordinary circumstances; but travellers in the isthmus, during the rainy season, turn to twenty pailfuls of water, minus the nitrogen and carbon—at least so I should say from appearances. Such wretched, washed-out individuals no fancy can picture. Nature had need to work in fast colours indeed, when she exposes her living handiwork to such pitiless pourings.

On we went, feeling past all drowning,

dazzled by the terrific flashes of lightning, and half deafened by the roaring peals of long-reverberating thunder, like a thousand boomings of artillery. Was it not all a mistake? Had we sunk to the bottom of the Pacific, which we were so lately careering over in smiling sunshine, and was a naval battle raging over our heads? Whether the glorious orchideous flowers were in bloom, of course, we knew not, or the other myriads of trailers and climbers. Whether there were as many decayed trees floating in the river as on our first expedition we knew not:—but if so our skilful boatmen avoided them cleverly.

The only serious stoppage we had was coming in collision with a large boat full of returning Americans: our canoe was all but overturned. The Americans and the boatmen called for us to sit perfectly still, which we did. Perhaps at that moment, we thought to be *more* drowned was almost an impracticability. People ought to traverse the isthmus during the deluge in a diving-bell. I wonder Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's diving-apparatus was not kept for that purpose. Well! we went on as before. However, presently we began to entertain a sort of insane

idea that we *might* be more drowned still, for we found the boat was frightfully full of water, and sinking fast. We shrieked to the boatmen, and pointed out the danger: they seized enormous calabashes, and began baling out as fast as possible. We were so deep that the water of the river seemed all but pouring over the edge of the boat. After that, constant baling was resorted to, and in due course of time we arrived safely at Chagres.

I had much difficulty in persuading the boatmen to go to what is called the American Town: they declared it was dangerous, as it was already dark. They seemed afraid of the boat upsetting at the mouth of the river. However, on reconnoitering as well as I could, I did not agree with them, and assured them it was quite "preciso" that we should go to the American hotel. After a long argument they consented, and in perfect safety, thank Heaven! we arrived, and found the master of the hotel standing on the bank with a lantern, looking out for boats, as the 'Crescent City' was to start the next morning, and passengers were still arriving to go by her.

He promised to do what he possibly could for our accommodation, and finally we were quartered in a very comfortable room, which an American medical gentleman was obliging enough to vacate on our account. We felt almost bound to have the Chagres fever in return for such compassionate disinterestedness—but we really had not time. The room was very nicely furnished, and its four female occupants slept most soundly till it was time to rise and make preparations for going on board the steamer.

When we arrived the evening before, one of the first questions the master of the American hotel, and one or two other Americans, who came to ask for news, put to us was: "Did you see a dead body, tied to a raft, floating down the stream?" I said we had observed nothing of the kind—indeed the rain prevented one from seeing anything. He told me it was the dead body of an American, who had been stabbed in a quarrel with the natives, who refused to bury it, or allow it to be buried where the affray had taken place, but had fastened it to a slight raft, and sent it drifting down the stream. "It will

be here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, we expect," he added, coolly; "and you *must* have passed it on the road." I felt rather glad we had not seen the ghastly object.

Some Americans, who had lately arrived at Chagres, had brought the tidings, and they passed it, I believe, floating steadily down the river. These quarrels, unfortunately, too often occur; and as the Americans are generally armed to the teeth, with bowie knives and revolvers, and the natives have always at hand the most formidable knives conceivable, about as long as a man's arm, with which they cut their dinner or their foes in pieces, lamentable results frequently take place.

Just before we returned to Panama from Peru, a kind of battle had occurred between the Californian emigrants and the Panamanians. After a little time the natives, who are intrepid to the last degree when once thoroughly aroused, cared no more for the revolvers than if they had been "cigaritos," they watched their opportunities, rushed boldly and rapidly up to their opponents (all with fire-arms in their hands),

and plunged their long knives in their breasts. Four Americans, I was told, were left dead, and others grievously wounded. This was very melancholy, but I believe the Americans themselves say it was, in the first instance, the fault of their countrymen. They despise the Indians, and look on *all* coloured people as "Niggers," as they call all Europeans, save English and French, Dutch, Swiss, Italians, Portuguese, Danes, are all named alike, with *one* exception only—and that is, the Dutch themselves! They call *them* Hollanders. I was mentioning a Dutchman once in the United States, and call him so: I was corrected—"No! *he's* a Hollander.

I think there is much that is interesting in the character of these Indians. Idle, dilatory, and careless, unquestionably they are; but they appear thoroughly hospitable, full of frank, generous susceptibilities and gratitude toward those who treat them with conciliatory gentleness and consideration. Contented and peaceful, but the bravest of the brave when their blood is once up: it would seem the elements of a right noble character are there. I say this from the

few opportunities of observation that I have had, not from any prepossession for such "children of Nature" in general.

I think it is in Guiana that Humboldt mentions (in talking of the fancied primitive perfection of human nature) that it is customary, if a child is sickly, to kill it to avoid the trouble of taking care of it, and to prevent its being any impediment to hurried excursions and removals; also, he says, of twins, one is regularly destroyed (as it is considered *infra dig.* to be the parents of twins,—and something "like rats and opossums.") "Such," exclaims Humboldt, highly indignant, "such is that simplicity of manners, such that boasted happiness of mankind in the natural state. A man kills his son to escape a little ridicule, or to avoid travelling more slowly—in fact, to get rid of a trifling inconvenience."

We had accomplished our journey across the isthmus in two days, and that in the *rainy season;* and we received many compliments from the Americans on the rapidity with which we had made the passage. V—— was charmed

with her ride from Panama to Cruces—perhaps the only person that ever was or ever will be.

The Americans are so astonished at our not having been to California, they positively cannot believe it, it appears to them such a pitch of preternatural stupidity. To some it was useless protesting we had not been, and had not intended to go. I convinced one at last; and he said he supposed then we really had not been; we *must* have got frightened, or "sick," at Panama, and that made us turn back. Another, who civilly refrained from contradicting, soon after asked: "And pray, Ma'am, did you bring much gold dust? or perhaps you didn't stay long enough in California."

We found it pretty rough getting to the steamer, on the morning of our departure from Chagres, and with considerable difficulty got on board. A yellowish-brown long line of demarcation shows where the Chagres is lost in the clear waters of the Carribbean Sea. We had delightful cabins, with a sitting-room, sofas, tables, everything charmingly commodious and comfortable. The Captain, who was as oblig-

ing as possible, sent us word we should not start till night, as he had learned many other passengers were on their way down the river.

In the evening, after it was dark, there was a sudden alarm. We heard a great scuffling, running, and shouting on deck; and presently, in extreme haste, a boat was lowered and pushed off. We remained watching in much anxiety, fearing that some boat, in attempting to reach the steamer through the heavy surf, had been upset. After some time we were much relieved to learn that no lives had been lost. A canoe coming out to the 'Crescent City' had been in the greatest danger of being carried out to the open sea, from the boatmen having unfortunately broken their oars, and the boat thereby becoming unmanageable, and at the mercy of the waves. Had not their cries for assistance (which was so promptly rendered) been heard, they must doubtless have perished.

There were a number of returned Californians on board. From the glimpses I had of them, I should say none looked particularly happy or thoroughly satisfied with their expedition; but one cannot always judge from outward appearances. There were two very melancholy cases

on board. An elderly gentleman, who had gone mad, after losing nearly all he possessed through some ill-fated speculation in California. His nephew was accompanying him home, and taking care of him as well as he could; but from exposure, I believe, and over severe labour in the mines, he was in the last stage of consumption, and reduced almost to a skeleton. In this miserable condition of hopeless suffering, he was doomed to have his last days embittered by the melancholy spectacle of his afflicted relative's malady, and forced to listen to his wild ravings and jabberings, and to have the wearying charge and responsibility of attending on him.

We had a capital stewardess on board the 'Crescent City,' and I hope it will not be thought I am speaking any treason against British maritime supremacy, when I say I think in general the American steamers have better stewardesses than the English! On board the 'Georgia' we had a charming one too, a Welsh woman, rejoicing in the pretty name of Annie Morgan.

We had two very agreeable fellow-passengers on board the 'Crescent City,' in the shape of a Californian squirrel and a Chagres monkey; two amusing little personages they were. (They

belonged to some gentlemen just returned from El Dorado.) The squirrel, tame as a kitten, was chiefly composed of two great black eyes and a splendid bushy tail. Jacko was the only pretty monkey I ever saw, and not at all mischievous. The little squirrel was extraordinarily fond of warmth: though the weather was almost insupportably hot, it would coil itself round into the very heart of shawls and cloaks (thrown on the sofas or camp-stools) whenever it wished to sleep.

We saw a most singularly beautiful sunset one evening on our passage hither. The sea became of a wonderfully rich colour, neither exactly purple, nor lilac, nor crimson, nor violet, nor rose-colour, but an extraordinary mixture of all these, a most regal and exquisite hue, which I think must most nearly resemble the Tyrian purple of old. I never saw such a colour but once or twice before, I think, in my life. It continued some time without variation, and then softly died away in beautifully fine gradations.*

* We afterwards saw at Kingston, Jamaica, when driving one day with our truly kind friends Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, a far more magnificent sunset; one so awfully grand, that I feel it is hopeless to attempt to

It was charming, watching this and other lovely effects of morning and evening light, reminding us of our delightful Pacific days and evenings, (though this sea was not so smooth or grand.) Looking on such fair sights, with the many sea-noises and sea-changes around, what dreams, what visions, what phantasies visit the soothed yet awakened mind! What a world of wonders is around us! how full seems all of meaning, beauty, mystery and eloquence—how full indeed! Ay, and if man could suddenly be endowed with a hundred additional senses beside his small allowance of five, he would doubtless find an endless multiplicity of objects around, fitted for their perception

convey any impression of it. It was after a terrific thunder-storm. Behind the clouds, which were piled in mountainous masses one above the other, (and still as if on and on, for ever, showing a higher stratum of others between—height above height, glimpse beyond glimpse, vista behind vista,) a thousand coloured suns of glory seemed flashing, beaming through those wondrous and gorgeous transparencies. *All* hues were there, from the most vivid scarlet and burning crimson and purple, to the softest azure and palest green; every shade of gold and orange, and every tint conceivable and inconceivable.

only and delight, that he has been unconscious of, as the blind of beauty and the deaf and dumb of music and sweet speech. In this life mortals are prisoners in very narrow cells, which are furnished with very few chinks. But I must not even in this trifling degree, ramble from my purpose of keeping strictly to plain narrative and a matter-of-fact relation.

When we arrived at Jamaica I was much struck by its noble outline of mountains. The entrance to the harbour of Kingston is exceedingly fine. The Blue Mountains rise in some places to about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and run longitudinally through the island from east to west.

We have as yet seen hardly anything of Jamaica. It seems to possess lovely and greatly-diversified scenery. The mountains so amphitheatrically encircling the fertile plains on which Kingston is built, we see from our windows. Our old African friend, the date palm, seems to flourish here. There is a fine one in one of the streets close to an hotel, called from it "Date-tree House;" but I have seen no dates. It is probably not the season. Mangoes (of which the best is a sort

called commonly "Number Eleven") abound, and are very good. There seem to be various lovely acacias on all sides, calabash-trees, and the pretty lignum vitæ, with its countless heaps of little azure blossoms; the allspice, or Jamaica pepper-tree, and numbers of our isthmus vegetable friends. But I must wait to see more before I give any description.

When we first landed, I was sorry to learn from the courteous agent of the American steam company here, that the Bishop has lately left the island, and that his daughter is very ill.

They seem to have delicious breezes almost constantly blowing here, but lately it has been very dry. Last evening it rained heavily, and as about a hundred windows were open in all directions, in rushed a number of coloured damsels in turbans, armed with divers mops, and contrivances of the kind, to wipe up purling rivulets that were meandering prettily about the floor (for the windows had defied our efforts to close them; and, besides, it was suffocatingly hot) and they fastened down some of the windows, but the rain trickled abundantly through, notwithstanding. To our astonishment who felt something like a party of antidilu-

vians running away from the pursuing Flood; or I should say, perhaps, like a set of feminine Noahs, or Noah's doves, or any other inhabitants of the ark, gladly escaping to the dry land), they burst out into joyful exclamations about the rain, congratulating themselves and *us* (on rain!) and the goats and pigs, and ducks, too, methinks, as they looked out of the windows,—and snuffed it up as something rare and precious.

One very black, smiling maiden, showing her glittering teeth from ear to ear, could not rejoice enough—or wish us joy enough of this vain stupendous insult:—working away very hard all the time to wipe away the little brooks and streamlets. "Berry nice, oh, berry, dis *good* rain." Now that is a disinterested philanthropic, patriotic mortal. The more she had to labour, the more she liked it, for it was for the good of her country and her fellow-mortals! She rubbed and scrubbed, and laughed and smiled, and chuckled and crowed and quacked, and chattered, all glee and good-humour, a perfect duck of a woman in two senses. Really the Isthmus St. Swithin had better come here to be made much of.

I have received a most courteous and hospitable invitation from Sir Charles Grey, to remain at the King's House, during my stay in Jamaica. We shall avail ourselves of his kindness, and go there to-morrow.

Kingston does not at all give me the idea of an unwholesome climate. I hear the cholera is committing frightful ravages at the Havana. Here, they say, they are not alarmed at all, as it has never been here, though it has before been in Cuba. I advise them not to be too sure yet. The cholera is said never to have passed the Equator, but this year it has crept very near to it, and may have crossed the Line by this time. The last we heard of it, it was near Bogota, and creeping onwards, it was said.

I found a very interesting letter here from Havana, giving me the particulars of the late American invasion of the island of Cuba. One singular fact is mentioned in it. I do not know that it has been remarked upon in any of the newspapers, so I repeat it. I am assured that it is quite correct. As soon as the alarm was given in Havana of the landing of General Lopez and his followers, the cholera, which had been raging there with terrible violence, stopped

as if by magic. The streets had been crowded with funerals; not one was to be seen. A counter-panic chased away this dreadful visitor for a short space of time. After a few days, when all the alarm had entirely subsided, and no farther apprehensions were entertained—when, in short, the island and the city returned to their propriety, the cholera again resumed its interrupted sway. It might have been only a coincidence, but I think there is but little if any doubt that the interregnum was occasioned by that mental counter-irritation: the mind and imagination have so much to do in predisposing persons to take such disorders.

There are numerous coolies here, male and female. These Hindoos are very striking and picturesque-looking people.

Kingston looks as if it ought to be a magnificent place, and had once been so, but has the appearance of being not only dilapidated but depopulated and deserted. The chief streets are still very handsome, with villa-like houses, verandahed and terraced, running back from the road, and with gateways and gardens generally. The people who knew Kingston formerly mourn over it, and say: "In past times, before our

ruin, this main street was the gayest of the gay, the busiest of the busy: an incessant roll of carriages and sugar-laden carts resounded through it."

The last terrible blow at the prosperity of Jamaica was the vile Slave-grown Sugar Bill, which combined in so remarkable a degree the iniquitous with the ridiculous. Poor Jamaica! how deeply she has suffered! I hear that many once rich planters have gone to spend their last days in obscure corners, to starve unknown, and die incognito. Alas! with perhaps a curse on their lips for the unnatural mother-country, who has cut away the last prop and support from under them. If the reader wishes to know where the deepest hatred can be felt against England, let him go to her own ill-used colonies. I sincerely hope something may yet be done for this lovely, unhappy island. How we *must* misgovern—how we must have a very genius for perverting Fortune's best gifts, and for mismanaging those splendid possessions we acquire with so much labour and glory, to injure and destroy, (as far as we can,) with so much shame. When shall we, for their sake and our own, change our most detestable

policy, or rather impolicy? But I will try and turn to the beauties of nature, and not the follies of man, who so often defaces her noblest loveliness.

* * * * *

Ever glorious is Nature! What wonders have we lately beheld of her lavish luxury of profusion, her inexhaustible treasury of glories and enchantments, her array of stately triumphs! What gratitude should glow in the heart and spirit of man when looking on all the consummate works of Heaven, scattered with such gracious liberality at his feet, to bless his eyes, to cheer his thoughts, to elevate his mind, and array his path to immortality with that glory which seems worthy of an immortal, making the world like the vestibule of heaven for those whose thoughts draw beauty from beauty, and add majesty to majesty.

But how often, when the mighty mother most appealingly calls on him does he turn away. Mountains and forests, lakes, savannahs, clouds, flowers, stars, valleys, lightnings, seas—all mirror one great truth, all breathe one eternal hymn! Nature is a perpetual oratorio!

CREATION'S PRAISE.

I.

Immemorial grey mountains! up-towering and free,
Like the hierarchs of Nature still seem they to be;
Ah! no Atlases bearing one Earth's petty weight,
All the Firmament's pride seem *their* burden and freight.

II.

All its Earths! all its Heav'ns! its vast galaxied field,
Where crowned splendours on splendours shine thronged and revealed.
Soar aloft, kingly mountains! ay, fearless they soar,
And, sustaining that glory's dread burthen, adore!

III.

Yea, they praise Thee, O Lord of those Firmaments!—King
Of the fair worlds around, like fresh fountains that spring;
Their pure crests seem to praise Thee, and each hallowed air,
That awakes, like a breath fresh from Paradise, there.

IV.

Ocean! glassing those heavens, and thus bringing them down
As to blend with our world—nearer Glory and Crown!
Dost *thou* lift not thy thousand-toned voice evermore,
In strong orisons, Ocean! from shore pealed to shore!

v.

Not a murmur, a moan, but where heaven-music dwells,
Haunting *thee*, as thy memory, thine own rainbow'd shells;
Not a wave but hath mirrored the deep-glancing scene,
Where the shadows of Hosts of Immortals have been!

VI.

And ye, Stars! do ye breathe not in light and in fire—
(As though each were some angel-bard's far-beaming lyre),
That bright order, and beauty, and harmony move,
For aye, in the steps of the Source of all Love.

VII.

And *thou*, MAN! dost *thou* praise Him by acts and by words?
Dost thou thrill to thy being's own innermost chords?
Doth thy soul to those long "Hallelujahs" reply,
Rolled in thunder and flame through all Earth and all Sky?

VIII.

Man! too oft while great Nature seems proffering her shrine
For the pomp of full spirit-oblations divine;
From her voice, and thine own holiest happiness here,
Thou turn'st back with weak scorn, self-unjust and severe.

IX.

While the darkly-magnificent heavens of the night—
While the morning star, heralding joyaunce and light—
While the storms,—while the seas,—while the deserts and plains,
Proclaim with eternal Hosannas, "He reigns!"

x.

The One—silent, deaf, senseless, 'midst things He hath made,
Still seems Man! who like monarch of all He arrayed,
O'er whose head He stretched roofs, hung with suns and with flame,
At whose feet *such* a world, his heart's homage to claim!

xi.

Shall the universe one glorious unison be,
All uniting in rapture of worship, save *thee?*
Shall far worlds—severed spaces—strange elements join
In one deep diapason of homage divine?

xii.

And shalt *thou* dwell apart, and thy worship retain,
Perchance for those Works that His voice did ordain,
Perchance for thyself, and the pomps, shows, and joys
Of the swift, arrowy life which a moment destroys.

xiii.

For those Works that are Worships themselves! that point still
Upwards—heavenwards—the children of His mighty will!
Works that cease not by day and by night to proclaim,
E'en out thundering all thunder His praise and His Name!

xiv.

And thyself! while each power that thou vauntest is given
Direct from the o'erflowing rich treasuries of heaven,
And thy fast-fleeting life is but lent thee to lead
To the life everlasting—the true life, indeed!

XV.

Immemorial proud mountains! stoop lower your crest;
Be ashamed for the Earth and its vile human guest!
Billowy Ocean!—be silent! roll onward in peace!
Bid your stormy, august "Hallelujahs" to cease!

XVI.

Stoop! thou Mountain! but *not* for the weight or the might
Of the far-stretching firmaments—height piled on height!
Stoop! since ev'n, from earth's floor to heaven's blue glistering roof,
Thou still hurl'st 'gainst mankind thine all-righteous reproof!

XVII.

Hush! thou Ocean! but not that the songs of the spheres—
That the strains of the blest pierce through time's rushing years!
Hush! since each lightest murmur of homage from thee
Seems reproach to thy scornful clay-rulers to be.

XVIII.

Be the contrast less striking—th' upbraiding less stern!—
Pale,—ye great crowning Fires of the Firmaments! burn,
Pale and faint!—so be all things less grandly sublime,—
Thus *thy* consciousness, Nature, shall crown not *our* crime!

XIX.

Stars!—ye heavens in the heavens!—all of joy, love, and light—
Hide your sovereign, sublime tribulations from sight!

Dare we gaze on your spheres, stirred all over with love,
While ourselves and our brethren thus gracelessly move?

XX.

Thunder, Whirlwind, and Earthquake! ye too,—lords of doom!—
Shout the march of His might, midst your grandeur of gloom!
Ye too lift up your voices of terror to cry,
"Hail to Him who above all the highest is high!"

XXI.

Old war-chariots of Storm and the Whirlwinds! delay!—
Or bear up thousand hopes of man's soul on your way.
Not a wind on its course of rejoicing but sings
Of Immortal, Transcendent, Omnipotent things!

XXII.

And on trifles and toys still we wander intent,
And few tones with those thousand high tones have we blent!
And we hoard in our hearts, ashy treasures and things,
That drag earthwards our souls from the joy of their wings

XXIII.

Mighty Forests! what strength of devotion is there!
Lo! their countless leaves thrill as with passionate prayer
While the shadows, the silence, the depths are o'erspread,
With an hundred Great Presences, sacred and dread.

XXIV.

Peace—let *us* only listen, and fling earth's dull cares,
Away from our minds till *they* tremble to prayers;
And the far-sounding chorus shall evermore ring,
Raised in honour profound of Their King, and Our King!

XXV.

Joy!—Creation's grand hymn hath ne'er ceased to be sung,
'Tis resounded—repeated—no harp is unstrung;
In yon hollow-voiced thunder it lives and it rolls;
Joy!—if *we* will but listen, 'twill peal to our souls.

XXVI.

Morning hymn of creation! each cadence and word
By the quick ear of Faith is still thrillingly heard,
And new Birth-hymns of later Creations beside,
That we dream not and glimpse not,—swell the outpouring tide.

XXVII.

Hark! 'tis "Holy!" still "Holy!" and "Holy!" again;
Worlds commence,—worlds take up the Majestical Strain,—
Worlds commence—worlds continue the Wonderful Hymn,
Till the skies and their orbs are all perished and dim!

XXVIII.

The Great Truth that shone out with the rays of young light,
It shines out still as clear, with as searching a might;
And can *we* e'er be blind to its splendours intense?
When if we will but look, oh! 'twill blaze to our sense.

XXIX.

Watch the eagle and lark on their proud sunward flight,
Their blue pathways all strewn o'er with gold-bloom and light;
Think ye *they* bear the freight of *their own* joy alone?
With earth's deep soul of prayer and of praise they have flown!

XXX.

From her hills,—from her rocks,—from her hoarse-sounding woods,
From her free trackless wilds, and her loud torrent-floods;
Fervent breathings of strong adoration are borne,
To ruffle the orient pavilions of morn!

XXXI.

Soaring messengers! hurrying on high to convey
Quick jubilant hints to the blue realms of Day,
Oh! how dead are their hearts who no fair greetings send,
With the punctual, plumed courier's high service to blend.

XXXII.

And not only the Morn and the Noon seem to bear,
A rich, deep weight of worship that halloweth the air;
But the dusk, regal Night, in her mystical sway,
A proud rivalry boasteth and challengeth Day.

XXXIII.

Yea! dark, gorgeous, magnificent heavens of Old Night,
Where Time's self seems Eternity, shown us aright;
All thy Suns have their Uriels, and breathe far around
Lofty tidings for souls not in death-trance profound.

XXXIV.

To that Sabaoth of Systems in awful array,
Beleaguering our dull sense,—enlightening our way;
Shall Indifference dare still her base weapons oppose,
And confront the Confederate Creations as foes?

XXXV.

Glorious Nature! too oft man deals death on his soul,—
Thought and mind,—wrenched from *thy* solemn, life-full control;
With dim ashes strewn o'er them,—vile taints, chains and tears,
Through that dark vale of shadows, where glide our vain years.

XXXVI.

From thy shrine, mightiest mother, they turn, and forsake
All thy haunts,—all thy hoards,—*thy* great compact they break.
Hollow sepulchres then of themselves e'en they seem,—
Ah! no temple of Thee, and no palace of Dream!

XXXVII.

Then high visions forsake them, and splendours of thought,
With immortal delights and rich promises fraught;
Queen!—thy kingdoms, illustrious with treasure!—no more
Then Imparadise life with their fresh, boundless store.

XXXVIII.

The Immemorial Grey Mountains are dust in their sight,
And discrowned Constellations seem emptied of light;

Dead lies Ocean !—For *them* Heaven is furled as a scroll,
Nature !—know thine Unbuilder !—a world-stricken Soul!

XXXIX.

Where should be thy throne is thy sepulchre cold,
And not there spread thy banners and pageants unrolled;
But a deep funeral darkness, or vapoury display,
Of the gauds of a moment—the pomps of a day!

XL.

And the Mountains still point to the Firmaments far,—
And those Firmaments tremble with star linked to star;
And still Deep cries to Deep, and the Clouds and the Storms,
All repeat awful tidings,—reflect mystic forms.

XLI.

And ten thousand great schemes and vast systems around
In one broad Act of Homage incessant, are bound;
" Dust to dust !" ever darkens our brief earthly day,—
Worlds on Worlds ever beckon us upwards,—away!

XLII.

Wake ! O Man! Populations and nations, awake!
Your glad part in the unbounded, dread chorus to take;
They have *ages* to breathe Adoration's high strain,—
Ye have *hours*—and thus dare ye unquickened remain ?

XLIII.

Join the hymn ! swell the unbounded, undying acclaim:
Glory, honour and praise to the One glorious Name;

While all majesties, powers, thrones, existences tend
To Truth's bright consummation—still world without end.

XLIV.

While on universe,—universe heaped and amassed,
Burst and bound to proud being and birth, free and fast,—
That yet all, the grand anthem of all, thus may join,
And exalt their great Maker's dread honours divine!

XLV.

Ay! on universe—universe gathered and heaped
To their life of stupendous transcendence have leaped;
Till—(while each lauds His glory, with powers more supreme),
Some New Chaos of very Creations they seem.

XLVI.

Even a Chaos of very Creations!—so blent
In unknown complications, through th' endless extent.
Lord of Lords! Oh! thou God of all Gods! they can be
But the veriest faint shade of a shadow of Thee!

XLVII.

Ah! as far as our frail, fettered senses allow,
Let us gaze on the scenes of their wonders e'en now,
Where the heavens burn with stars,—maze thick-crowded on maze,
Till All Space to *One Sun* seems to brighten and blaze.

XLVIII.

Oratorio of Nature! Oh, strike our dull ears!
With our souls let us list to your anthems, ye spheres;
Let your sun-blazoned oriflames lead us on,—on,
Till Earth's conflict is o'er, and Heaven's victory is won!

XLIX.

Is't enough? Oh, if not, look, thou mortal, within,
Through those deep mists of doubt—through the dark clouds of sin;
And behold the vast scene of *thine own* awful soul,
To the ken of a hushed contemplation unroll!

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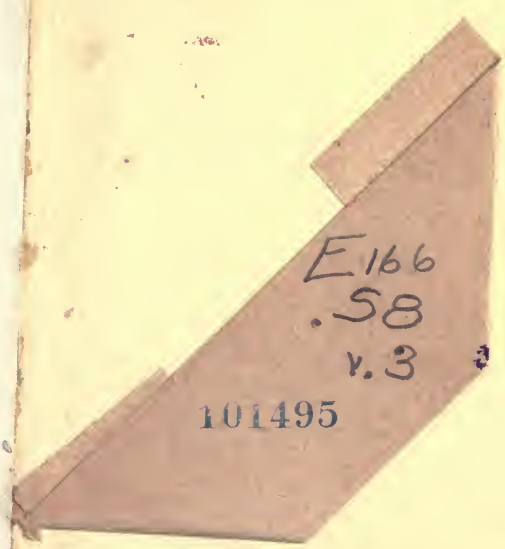

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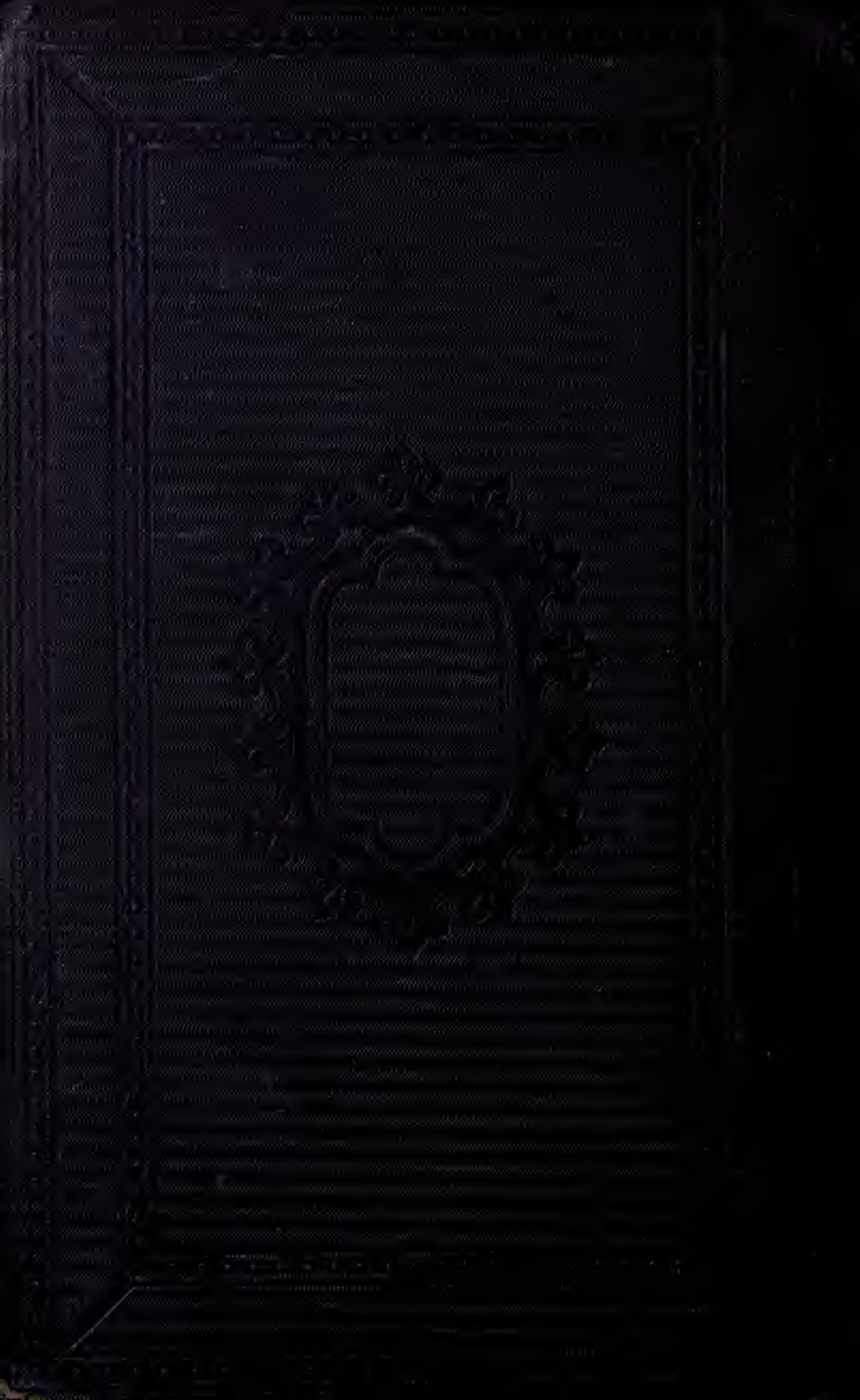
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